

39. d  
*WHIG* and *TORY*:

*K.* OR,

26  
*Wit on both Sides.*

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BEING A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS,

BY THE  
Ablest Pens of the High and  
Low Parties,

UPON THE  
Most Remarkable OCCASIONS, from  
the Change of the MINISTRY, to this  
Time.

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L O N D O N

Printed, and Sold by the Booksellers, 1712.

WHIG and TORY:

O R

Writ on both Sides.



COLLON

POEMS

BY THE

Ablest Pens of the High and  
Low Parties,

UPON THE

Most Remarkable Occasions, from  
the Change of the Ministry, to this  
Time.

L O N D O N

Printed, and Sold by the Booksellers, 1722.



TO THE  
READER.

**T**HE Publick is here presented with  
a considerable Number of Poetical  
Pieces, impartially collected to sa-  
tisfy the Inclination of the most Zealous of  
both Parties, and the Curiosity of the more  
Indifferent. Here are many Things, which  
have been handed about privately in Manu-  
script, some few have appear'd more openly  
in Print, and others were never before di-  
vulg'd. It is not to be question'd, but that  
many Readers may have seen some of them;  
yet every one will find something new to  
please him, and most Men never yet read  
any of them. Whigs and Tories may chuse  
as they like, and reject what they disapprove.  
Each Side will meet with what is for their

## The P R E F A C E.

Turn; and if Prejudice do not altogether sway, the Ingenious will not fail of some Satisfaction in the Wit, even of an Adversary. As the Design is not to offend either Side, so it has been also endeavour'd to suit every Temper and Capacity; here are some Things solid, others burlesque; some more lofty, others in an humbler Strein; yet so, as it is hop'd none will be thought wholly unworthy of being preserv'd. They are now in their Prime, when every Person may understand what is allegorical; and, perhaps, in Time to come they may merit a Key, for Posterity to judge of the Humour of this Age.

( 3 )

A

# COLLECTION OF POEMS.

*Said to be found upon a Great Lady's Toylet.*

O A—a! see, the Prelude is begun,  
Again they play the Game of Forty One,  
And he's the Traytor that defends the Throne,  
Thus *Laud*, and thus the *Royal Martyr* dy'd,  
Impeach'd by *Clamour*, and by Traytors try'd.  
*Ho—ly's* cry'd up, that does thy Rights oppose,  
Because he crowns the *Mob*, and arms thy Foes.  
Stop the portentous Omen, ere it be too late;  
View thy whole Friends in poor *Sacheverell's* Fate.  
Stated Experience now bids all be wise,  
Let one Rebellion in an Age suffice;  
At him they strike, but *regal Right's* their Prize.

*Said to be dropt in the House of C——s.*

HOW? At the other B——r to try a Priest!  
What, is your own Authority a Jest?

A 2

Try



Try him your selves, like th' ~~Ramp~~, without more  
 (Words;  
 They that can make their K—s, can make their  
 (Lords.

Salisbury-Steeple revers'd :

O R,

The turn-spit B——ps.

WHEN the twenty brave Pleaders, call'd out of  
 (the Throng,  
 For good Manners, quick Thought, and voluble  
 (Tongue,  
 Had read all their Speeches, and rehears'd all their Wit,  
 And left their good Lordships in Judgment to sit,  
 A Prelate *Alroit*, at Text or Debate,  
 Sent to eight trusty Brethren in Council to meet;  
 They whip on their Cloaks, and to *Hockley* they go,  
 To know what his *Kirkship* had for 'em to do.  
 When they came, all the Servants were order'd  
 (away,  
 And they drank to *Low-Church* in two Gallons of Tea,  
 T' inspire 'em with Zeal 'gainst *High-Church* and  
 (its Sway.  
 Quoth he, I've long wish'd to see you all here,  
 For Matters of *Moment* require our great Care,  
 The Godly Lay five, who all Matters contrive,  
 That the Protestant Church may still flourish and  
 (thrive,  
 By me their sure *Nuncio* do send you this Greeting,  
 And pray me to tell you how to vote the next Meet-  
 (ing.

OW, At the other B——r to try a Priests!  
 What is your own Authority a Jell?

Our Friends have now *roasted* this Priest and his

(Cause,  
In spite of his Homilies, Scripture, and Laws,  
And we must not sit *passively* sucking our Paws.

*Walp—le* was warm, and as fit at that Season,  
Supply'd with hard Words, the *Absence* of Reason.

*Lech—ore* shew'd Art, was as bold as a Lyon,  
And i' th' *good old Cause* excell'd *Pim, Prim,* and

(Tryon,  
Or the choicest of Saints in the blest'd Year *Forty*

(One.  
Gentle *Dol—n* a Son of a Prelate, with Grace,

As if got by a Whig of Republican Race,

Afferted that Cause without a Blush in his Face;

For which we owe Thanks, and a lasting Renown,

Being all o' th' same Stamp obscur'd by a *Gown*.

*St—ope* soft as a Dove, fam'd for *Arms*, more for

(Love,

With the greatest good Manners the *Ladies* did move;

But was ill requited: That Sex near and far,

Call'd him insolent, rude, and hiss'd him from th'

(Bar.

What Spirit, brisk Air, and Rhet'rick divine,

In lofty *Sir Ja—es* and his Harrangue did shine?

But oh! such rare Eloquence, profound Wit and Parts,

Politick Learning, with the Cream of all Arts,

Appear'd in Lord *Wil—m* gainst *Sacheverell*,

As no *Cherub* can reach, nor *Angel* excel.

Let us then, my good Lords, to each other be true,

And shew in Church-Matters what *B—ps* can do.

I'll tell what by me and great *Wil—m* was done,

And prove him a Traytor that calls Folks *Tulipone*.

I'll tell 'em a Tale, that to hit 'em won't fail,

Of a Dame made a *Victim* to high-flying Zeal,

And move Flesh and Blood to see her *undrest*,

And hew'd all to Pieces by a *bot-beaded* Priest;

For us 'twould be shameful in Silence to sit;

When a *Priest* is a *roasting*, we must help turn the *Spit*.

Do

Do you my Lord Ox—d, 'gainst Monarchs be keen,  
 But as you love Wor——er, spare the good Queen.  
 This perhaps by the by, in your Way may not lie,  
 But my We—t and your Ho—ly will Matters supply;  
 That you'll for a gentle *mild* Sentence give out,  
 When the Question is put, you know how to vote.  
 On your Brother Nor——ch we chiefly depend,  
 The Right of our *Puritan* Friends to defend;  
 And may he excel both his Patrons Renown,  
 Be just as the FATHER, and wise as the SON.  
 From our Brother *Chib.* we should claim a fine Speech  
 On this ranting high Sermon the Co——ns impeach;  
 But now *Easter's* at Hand, we expect not a Word,  
 Since the *Parish* bids more than we can afford.  
 He must lose his Off rings, with this they do teaze  
 (him,  
 Or vote against us, in order to please 'em.

Some *Lay* Peers, we doubt, will be apt for to flinch,  
 But are sure that your *Lordships* will not budge an  
 (Inch.

What, tho' we all once did *Resistance* renounce,  
 And for not being *passive*, poor *Johnson* did trounce?  
 Sure we never took up our Opinions for *Life*,  
 For better for worse, as a Man does his Wife?  
 What Opinion is upmost, 'tis safe to be of it,  
 A Fig for *Lawn Sl—s* that won't turn for their Profit.  
 Thus incens'd at the *Doctor*, these Ri—t Re——nd  
 (Teachers

Vow'd they'd make him a Warning to all *High-Church*  
 (Preachers:

But oh! how they look'd when their Friends hung  
 (an Arse,

And their deep-plotted *Tragedy* turn'd to a *Farce*!  
 With Amazement they found their Cause all a-  
 (Ground,

And the *Hall* with loud Ecchos of Joy to resound;  
 They slunk to their Coaches, the *Doctor* did follow;  
 They went off with a *Whoop*, but he with a *Hallow*.

On



On Mr. Ho——ly, who says the People are supreme Governors, and Monarchs are but their Ministers.

There is a Man, some modern Whigs think fit,  
Amongst our loyal Bishops rank'd to sit;  
A crippl'd Priest, whose *Intellects* are lame  
As his *Supporters*, noxious is his Name;  
Who gives each Topick that he treats, such Touches,  
As, like himself, must be upheld by *Crutches*.  
A brave Defender of th' establish'd Church  
As ever left her Doctrine in the Lurch;  
But I'm perswaded such a crooked Stick  
Will never gain an *English* Bishoprick:  
And may they ne'er obtain our Sovereign's Favour,  
That dare be guilty of such rude Behaviour,  
As to confront the Doctrine she esteems,  
The only *Medium* free from all Extreams,  
As he has done, as ev'ry Child can tell,  
That boasts in b'ing an *Anticheverell*.

*Upon the burning of Mr. Burges's Pulpit.*

Invidious *Whigs*, since you have made your Boast,  
That you a Church of *England* Priest would roast,  
Blame not the Mob, for having a Desire  
With Presbyterian *Tubs* to light the Fire.  
A Mob's abhor'd by all, and justly too,  
Tho' rais'd against such Miscreants as you,  
Whose threatening Tongues began the Fray, and rue.  
And now you curse and dam the silly *Elves*,  
For Mischiefs you brought only on your selves;  
And ought to swing too, if the Law can reach 'em,  
For practising Doctrines your *Centers* teach 'em.

You

You give 'em all the Pow'r, and then would hang  
 For pulling down your Houses, that's a Trangum.

*The Thanksgiving.*

**R**epublicans, your tuneful Voices raise,  
 And teach the People who to thank and praise.  
 L—d *Wh—n* first, for b'ing High-Church's Terror,  
 And confuting that antique vulgar Error,  
 That poy's'nous Creatures could not in *Land* live,  
 'Till he came thither, such Methods to contrive.  
 That nought but worse than *Serpents* might survive.  
 Thank him for coming o'er to roast a Priest,  
 And for's incomparable witty Jest,  
 In calling Church-men *Cats*, and hurrying on  
 His wide-mouth'd *Non-Con* Beagles to worry 'em.  
 Thank him for cocking's Hat i' th' House, and hide-  
 (ous bawling,  
 To shew his Wits were gone a *Caterwauling*,  
 Or else he'd maul'd High-Church, and snack'd her

(Spoils,

By old *Rump* Arts, or new *Dissenting* Wiles.  
 Thank the *Scotch* Peers who voted for the Church,  
 And the *Lawn Sl—s* that left her in the Lurch.  
 Thank the *L—d M—r*, a *Wight* by all forsaken,  
 For turning *Cat* i' th' *Pain* to save his Bacon.  
 Thank wife *Sa—l* for being so hugely civil,  
 As to call truth the Doctrine of the Devil.  
 Thank the *L. C. J.* or all had been lost,  
 Who, by *nick*ing Time, gain'd the vacant Post,  
 Which he had never had but for *basting* the Roast.  
 Thank the *Sick-Jobbers* for your thriving Trade,  
 Thank just *Kalpone* that all your Debts are pay'd.  
 Thank those, who in Dearth ought to have reserv'd  
 To relieve the Poor, who were almost starv'd,

Yet

Yet wasted a hundred thousand Pounds at least,  
 In a new Frolick of *Bear-bating* a Priest;  
 Or, which was quite as well, to make themselves  
 (a Jest.)

Thank Dr. *W—st* for preaching up Resistance,  
 And more the *Jesuits* for giving him Assistance.  
 Thank them that thank'd him for advancing Tenets  
 Entirely *Popish*, or *Presbyterian* *Ke—ts*.

Thank your selves, proud *W—gs*, that you're ex-  
 (pos'd and blam'd,  
 And in all *Addresses* reproachfully nam'd;  
 But thank th' Almighty if you are not damn'd.)

*The History of the Imp—nt :*

O R,

*The Nation's gone mad.*

*A new Ballad.*

THE Nation had always some Token  
 Of *Madness*, by Turns and by Fits;  
 Their Sense was both shatter'd and broken,  
 But now they are out of their Wits.  
 Can any Man say the L—d M—r,  
 Of Ra—nt likewise a Member,  
 Did wisely to set up a *Bear*,  
 To preach on the fifth of *November*?  
 Was the *Doctor* less touch'd in his Brain,  
 To stuff his Discourse with Gun-power;  
 Or *Dö—ben*, who fir'd the Train,  
 And made it bounce louder and louder?  
 Even he who wrought all *underband*,  
 So thinking to save his own Bacon;  
 Some doubt, that for all his wise *Wand*,  
 For a Cunjurer ought to be taken.

B

But



But our S——ate has out-done 'em all,  
 By their grave and most solemn Proceeding,  
 On a Pageant in W——er-H——ll,  
 When the Nation lay almost a *Bleeding*.  
 In such a nice critical State,  
 When of mighty Affairs there were sev'ral,  
 To spend their sweet Hours in Debate,  
 About Ho——ly and Henry Sach——ll,  
 Of the Danger that threaten'd the Nation,  
 From the scandalous Term of *Vulpone*,  
 Thrown on the Man of high Station,  
 That so freely supplies us with Money.  
 So as the rare *Frolick* went round,  
 It seiz'd at last on the People,  
 Who swore they would pull to the Ground  
 The Churches that wanted a *Steeple*.  
 They rebell'd in the *Doctor's* Defence,  
 Who so boldly had cry'd their Pow'r down,  
 And freely gave up their Pretence  
 To stand by the *Church* and the *Crown*.  
 And the Folks who so zealously strove  
 For their Power, outrageously fell,  
 And by force of Arms they would prove,  
 That they had no *Right* to rebel.  
 The C——ns, by Arguments keen,  
 From the Sense of the *Doctor's* Expressions,  
 Prov'd some Words, that nothing could mean,  
 To be *dammable* Crimes and Transgressions.  
 The L——s, having all Things regarded,  
 Affirm'd he had *highly* offended ;  
 Then vote he ought to be rewarded,  
 And so the rare *Farce* was thus ended.  
 Thus I prove, that the M——r, who invited,  
 And the zealous *Doctor* who preach'd,  
 The Man the C——ns incited,  
 And these that the *Doctor* imp——'d;  
 All those that the Question did handle,  
 The *Mob*, and all such as did gainsay,

The L—s (be it said without Scandal)

To be all in a different *Frenzy*.

What Remedy then in the Nation,

For this Madness that really so much is,

But some *sober* and *wise* Application

From S—d, and the Great D—s?

*An Elegy* Balladwise on the Death of John Dolben, Esq; who departed this Life at Epsom, on Monday May the 28th, 1710

**I**S John Dolben dead? Fare him heartily well,  
In joyful Elegies I'll ring his Knell;  
For tho' he liv'd so so, he dy'd very well,  
If you'll believe the loose W—gs, that still take his

(Part,

And first contributed to break his poor Heart.

'Tis true, Repentance might wipe out the Stains

Of his polluted Life, and mercenary Brains;

His hir'd Tongue and brib'd Conscience

Might check him into a religious Sense

Of his high Crimes and Misdemeanors great,

And he might Mercy find at Mercy's Seat.

What, tho' they say he kept a little Whore?

What W—g's exempted, that keeps open Door,

And's not bewitch'd, or miserably poor?

That's Innocence in W—gs, that in damn'd T—es

Amount to Sins o' th' highest Stories.

What, tho' with worst of Men he lately sort'd,

And 'gainst High-Church kick'd, winch'd, and

(snorted,

He was not quite so bad as *Fame* reported:

For what must not the staunchest Mortal do,

That is a great Man's *Tool*, and has a Place in View?

Allowances are given to th' Rich, much more

To proud ambitious Fops really poor.

Or how will Turns of State, and cunning Tricks  
 Be kept on Foot by modern Politicks,  
 To hoodwink Fools, and straiten crooked Sticks? }  
 What, tho' for ten Years past he left the Bed  
 Of's vertuous Wife; he'd others in her Stead,  
 To get a Race of *W—gs* on, to serve the Nation  
 On ev'ry emergent anarchical Occasion?  
 For base begotten Brats do naturally fight  
 'Gainst justly crown'd Heads by *hereditary* Right;  
 Which being the huge great Work now carrying on,  
*Dolben* acted like a wise Republican.  
 What, tho' Friends, it may be, truly object,  
 He was of ev'ry Side, Faction, and Sect;  
 An Atheist, Deist, notorious Hypocrite,  
 A mere State-*Juggler* when set in's true Light,  
 That for a Place would say a Black-a-moore was }  
 (white?)

And why not? since all but dull *Church Fools* confess,  
 That solid Gain is real Godliness.

'Tis the known Priviledge of *W—gs* to plead Con-  
 (science,

And to re-act *Bisarius* in their own Defence;  
 To whore, swear or unswear, cheat, lie, and cant,  
 So't be done demurely with the Looks of a Saint.  
 Nay, farther yet, for their own private Good,  
 They can make Monarchs happy by *shedding* their  
 (Blood.

What, tho' to *Epsom* the *Manager* stole down,  
 To avoid the *Mob*, and the more noisy Town;  
 'Twas not out of Fear, but to wisely prepare  
 'Gainst the next Occasion of baiting a Bear,  
 And advancing Resistance in Despite of Addresses,  
 And solace with *Mifs* in her charming Caresses.  
 But while all these vast Designs were on Foot,  
 And a great Place at Court expected to boot,  
 A raging *spotted Fever* all his Hopes defeated,  
 And Maugre his *Cooler*, his Blood so over-heated,

As



As summon'd him to Tryal, without using more  
(Words,

At the Tribunal of the Great *Lord of Lords*,  
To answer for all the Misdeeds he had done ;  
Make Hastē, says the *Fever*, your last Thread is spun.  
Nor Prayers nor Tears can now ought avail,  
Your Case admits neither Mainprize nor Bail ;  
The Measure you made sometime to another,  
Is now made your own, as a real *False Brother*.  
With that he look'd grim, bidding utter Defiance  
To th' Party that gain'd him into Compliance,  
With their horrid Designs to bring to Confusion  
The Church and the State, and the whole Constitu-  
(tion ;

Then left him expos'd, to beg or be starv'd,  
As a just Reward for what he'd deserv'd,  
In serving the Nation's occult Enemies ;  
More would he have said, hath not Death clos'd his  
(Eyes.

### HIS EPITAPH.

**H**ERE lies Whiggish John, who, in Hopes of being  
(greater,  
Forsook his first Principles, and on a Theatre  
Rail'd at High-Church, from which he had's Bread,  
In Expectance of being more sumptuously fed  
By a Great Man, that ne'er did, nor ne'er will  
Do the least Good, or vacant Place fill,  
But to serve his own Int'rest ; which now too too late,  
Dolben perceiving to be his sad Fate,  
To be made a rank Setter, then left at a Stand,  
Dy'd in Revenge, for being basely trepann'd.

*On Mr. Dolben's Voyage to, and Return from the Indies.*

**L** OUD Blasphemy *Jack*, being stript by *Oak Royal*,  
The degenerate Son of a *Sire* truly loyal,  
With Goal-Birds and Whores to Plantations he cross'd,  
'Till the *Sharper* retriev'd what the *Bubble* had lost.  
Now in Hopes of a Place, he yelp'd and impeach'd,  
But the pert froward *Fop* himself over-reach'd;  
And had been committed to Goal by the L—ds,  
If he had not shamefully eat his own Words.

*A Litany.*

**F** ROM People pretending t' extraord'nary Zeal,  
That can fast and pray, publick Vices to heal,  
Yet eat up an *Orphan* at every Meal,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From them that studiously Mischiefs do make,  
And cheat their best Friends for *Conscience* Sake,  
And for Gain will go t'th' *infernal* Lake.

*Libera nos, &c.*

From such as take the Sacramental Tye  
Whene'er they find a good *Reason* why,  
Yet never think they are bound thereby,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From *Pale Ale* with Lime in't, and *Parsons's* Bub,  
From the Gang of Rogues at a *Calve's-head* Club,  
And the fiery Tryal of *Burges's* Tub,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From tolerated Churches without e'er a Steeple,  
From *Ho—ly* the fanatick cuckoldly Cripple,  
And from the sovereign Power o'th' People,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From

From the traiterous Offspring of *Forty One*,  
That cringe and fawn, and flatter the Crown,  
For no other End but to pull it quite down,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From those that by publick Frauds are enrich'd,  
And such as 'twixt *Pride* and *Zeal* are bewitch'd,  
And Republicans into *Vice Royalties* hitch'd,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From empty hot-headed fierce Legislators,  
Traiterous *Reviews*, and baul'd *Observers*,  
And senseless eternal politick Praters,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From *Cabals* that to ruin the Kingdom do sit,  
From new Laws that insult the old *sacrid Writ*,  
And from Courtiers over *burthen'd* with Wit,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the Pest of a State, a Club-ridden Brave,  
Who a Nation does with her own Money enslave,  
And has damn'd more in Fact, than *Justice* can save,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a People too good to be told of their Faults,  
From an Head of a City whose Word goes for nought,  
And from eating hard Eggs without any Salt,

*Libera nos, &c.*

*Upon the bur—g of Dr. Sac——ell's Sermons.*

**W**HAT is become of the old Oath of Allegiance,  
When you punish your Pastors for Passive-  
(Obedience?)

You first burn his Sermons, the Homilies next ;  
For all the Homilies agree with his Text.

If Things are thus manag'd, it may be possible,  
That the next Burnt-Off'ring will be the *Bible*.

The Pr—ate refusing to come to his Tryal,  
In my Opinion is *St. Peter's Denial*.



Six B——ps were for him, but seven more wise,  
Have sav'd their own Bacon in Low-Church Disguise.  
Their Votes so divided, as plainly does shew,  
At Sixes and Sevens Religion does go.

## The Church of England's new Toast.

**L**ONG Life to the Queen, and a prosperous Reign,  
 May she humble proud Monsieur, and make  
 (him quit *Spain*;  
 May she settle young *Charles* on his Ancestors Throne;  
 And make all his Subjects as blest'd as her own.  
 Here's a Health to the Church and to all that dare  
 (right her,  
 To the Persons that wear, and are Friends to the Mitre;  
 To the fifty two L—ds, who W—g Notions abhor'd,  
 And wisely declar'd against burning God's Word :  
 To the many Grand Juries, who have boldly express'd  
 Their Zeal for the Church, when the Queen they  
 (address'd :  
 To *Glo'ster* and *Oxford*, and *Warwick* the brave,  
 Who its Doctrines from all its Opposers would save ;  
 And to all that Republican Tenets detest,  
 With Warmth in their Words, and with Truth in  
 (their Breast :  
 To her Majesty's Uncle, who'd make us all safe,  
 If again but possess'd of the M—e and white S—ff ;  
 And the rest of the Statesmen, who, fam'd for their  
 (Zeals,  
 Have a Right to the K—y, and the P—se, and the  
 (S—ls :  
 To the Counties and Burroughs that lay it at Heart,  
 That the Members they've chosen, from their Duties  
 (should start,  
 And promise that they'll better Measures pursue,  
 Than to chuse such sham P——ts as these are anew.  
 May

May *England*, Old *England*, in Glory still rise,  
 And bless'd be the Preacher that open'd her Eyes.  
 Here's a Health to the Doctor, whom no one must  
 (name,  
 And he's a false Brother that won't pledge the same.

---

*The Doctor Militant :*

O R,

*Church Triumphant.*

To the Tune of Packington's Pound. By N. F. G. Gent.

**B**Old *Whigs* and *Fanaticks* now strive to pull down  
 The true Church of *England*, both Mitre and  
 (Crown;  
 To introduce Anarchy into the Nation,  
 As they did *Oliver's* late Usurpation.  
 In Queen *Ann's* happy Reign  
 They attempt it again,  
 Who burn the Text, and the Preacher arraign.  
*Sachev'rell*, *Sachev'rell*, thou art a brave Man,  
 To stand for the Church, and our gracious Q. *Ann*.  
 In *James's* Reign, when the Church had a Fall,  
 The Peers and the Prelates King *William* did call,  
 That he might recover what then did decline,  
 And settle the Crown in the Protestant Line;  
 For that pious End  
 He did recommend  
 The late Toleration, that *Whigs* did besfriend.  
*Sachev'rell*, *Sachev'rell*, whose Zeal did abide,  
 By Commons and Lord at the Bar to be try'd.  
 These seeming Conformists crept in the Church-Sleeve,  
 The credulous Mother the Knaves did believe;  
 But like to the Snake in the Fable they prove,  
 That stung the good Man for his Bounty and Love ;  
 C Thei

Their Power employ  
 Her Rites to annoy,  
 And thro' her Indulgence herself to destroy.  
*Sachev'rell, Sachev'rell*, it's only to you  
 The Church is oblig'd, and our Thanks become due.  
 Their Practice and Principles stand on Record,  
 Ere since they beheaded their sovereign Lord;  
 The Spawn of the Rebels in that bloody Fray,  
 Celebrate that Regicide this very Day;  
 Who yearly do Feast  
 On the Head of a Beast,  
 Upon th' Anniversary of the Deceas'd.  
*Sachev'rell, Sachev'rell*, brave 'Chev'rell alone,  
 Dare tell such a barbarous People their own.  
 When the Crown and the Scepter fell in the Mobs  
 (Hands,  
 They could not submit to each others Commands;  
 The Robbers fell out in dividing the Spoil,  
 In Blood, War, and Taxes, poor *England* embroil;  
 Like Babies and Fools,  
 They play with edg'd Tools;  
 When all are Superiors, then no Body rules.  
*Sachev'rell, Sachev'rell*, you've shewn 'em the Way  
 To honour the *Queen*, and the *Church* to obey.  
 While Knaves thus contended to sit on the Throne,  
 The Owner had Hopes to recover his own;  
 And so it fell out, in the Midst of their Jars,  
 The King's Restoration did finish the Wars;  
 In whose Golden Days  
 The Church held the Keys,  
 And kept in Subjection such Rebels as these;  
 For then were *Sachev'rells*, whom God did inspire,  
 To rescue the Church from *Fanatical* Fire.

The



*The Old Pack.*

1.

Come ye old *English* Huntsmen, that love noble  
 (Sport,  
 Here's a Pack to be sold, and staunch Dogs of the Sort;  
 Nor Sir *Sewster*, nor *Chetwynd* can match our fleet  
 (Hounds,  
 For breaking down Fences, and leaping o'er Mounds;  
 Some are deep-mouth'd and speedy, some mad, blind,  
 (and lame,  
 Some Yelpers and Curs, but all fit for the Game.

*Then to Horse, loyal Hearts, lest the Round-heads deceive ye,  
 For they have the Dogs, and are riding tantivy.*

2.

There's Atheists and Deists, and fawning Dissenter,  
 There's Republican sly, and long-winded Canter;  
 There's Heresy, Schism, and mild Moderation,  
 That's still in the Wrong for the Good of the Nation;  
 There's Baptist, Socinian, and Quakers with Scruples,  
 'Till kind Toleration linkt'em all in Church-Couples.

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

3.

Some were bred in the Army, some dropt from the Fleet,  
 Under Bulks some were litter'd, and some in the Street;  
 Some are good harmless Curs, without Teeth or Claws,  
 Some were whelp'd in a Shop, and some Runners at  
 (Laws;  
 Some were wretched poor Curs, Mungrel Starvers  
 (and Setters,  
 'Till dividing the Spoil they put in with their Betters.

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

4.

A few, very few of the true *English* Breed,  
 Whose Noses were good, and of excellent Speed;

But what's a fine Mouth to oppose such vile Throats,  
 Where Hunters and Noise quite drown the sweet Notes?  
 If he bites of a Fault, or runs the Scence right,  
 Honest *Tory* is worry'd for a rank *Jacobite*?

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

5.

Five hundred stout Dogs are a brave Pack to run,  
 But the Leaders in chief are but old Forty One,  
 On hot burning Scent, when they open their Throats,  
 Then trail a Court-Place, how the staunchest change

(Notes ;

Tho' no Horn nor Voice can their Fury controul,  
 Yet to the *White Staff* they hunt all under Pole.

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

6.

Crysthe Huntsman, *B. Ho—ly*, dear Whelps I'm a *Knave*,  
 But you're all sov'reign Curs, and your Prince is your

(Slave ;

This my Writings will prove stoll'n from *Prym, Nye*,  
 (and *Peters*,

That all free-born Dogs may fall on their *Betters* ;  
 Then away on the Scent, 'tis the *old Game* and good,  
 While *Peers* have fat Haunches, and *Kings* Royal Blood.

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

7.

A stout orthodox Doctor fell first in the Wind ;  
 The Pack open'd their Throats, in Hopes Mob would

(ha' join'd ;

By a strong passive Scent they run him full Speed,  
 'Till the Rabble cry'd out, *You're rank there,--Take heed* ;

What, o'er leap the Church-Pales, and break Consti-  
 (tution ?

Here the Devil's your Leader, and you hunt for Con-

*Then to Horse, &c.*

(fusion !

*For they have, &c.*

8.

At the Head of a Pack stupid *William* commanding,  
 Who's of Quality bred, by his deep Understanding,  
 If to dull worthless Whelps we may Titles afford,  
 His Merits confess him a Dog of a L—d ;  
 Those casty old Curs, that despise the poor Tool,  
 Yet only for Luck Sake they'll hunt with a Fool.

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

9.

There's *Woolf* rapacious, and *Bluster* and *Thunder*,  
 And *Peter* the grim, and the late Sp—ker *Blunder* ;  
 For the dull heavy Curs love to mount in a Chair,  
 Tho' like *Monkeys* that climb, th' expose that Part bare;  
 And *Jack*—ll the ill-look'd, who trains up new Comers,  
 And still speaks in Season, for his Wit comes from

*Then to Horse, &c.*

(S—ers.

*For they have, &c.*

10.

There's Blasphemy *Jack*, that was stript by Oak  
 (Royal,

The Republican Whelp of a Sire truly loyal ;  
 With Goal-Birds and Whores to Plantations he cross'd,  
 'Till the Sharper retriev'd what the Bubble had lost ;  
 Now in Hopes of a Place, he still yelps and im—ches,  
 Tho' this pert froward Cur oft himself over-reaches.

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

11.

There's *Hackum* and *Brass*, for their deep Mouths re—  
 (nown'd,  
 Because empty Sculls have a great Strength of Sound ;  
 Send *Hackum* to *Spain*, what great Feats he'll atchieve,  
 And it's Conduct enough to make *Senates* believe ;  
 And young *Brass* of *Corinth* can never deceive ye,  
 For he pays off a Cause as well as a Navy.

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

12. How



12.

How Honour and Honesty Dogs can unite,  
 For their Country's Sake, they'll steal, plunder, and  
 (bite ;  
 Themselves and their Whelps they enrich for their  
 (Good,  
 And make Monarchs great by shedding their Blood ;  
 Yet so eager for Gain — the white Staff take away,  
 They hunt dear *Vulpone* for a rank Beast of Prey.

*Then to Horse, &c.*

*For they have, &c.*

13.

Then *Tory*, poor *Tory*, never hope to prevail,  
 You're beat from the Pack with a Shoe at your Tail ;  
 Go learn to plead Conscience, when you cheat, lie,  
 (and cant,  
 And plunder the Publick with the Looks of a Saint ;  
 If you join the old Set, with new Principles fit ye,  
 Stick at nothing that's base, you'll be o' th' Committee.

*Then to Horse, loyal Hearts, lest the Round-heads deceive ye,*

*For they have the Dogs, and are riding tantivy.*

### *A new Ballad.*

*To the Tune of the Black-Smith.*

SINCE Monarchs were Monarchs, it never was  
 (known,  
 That so little Power belong'd to a Crown,  
 Or that, made by a Mob, they may so be pull'd down,  
*Which no Body dares deny.*  
 How the People come by it, may seem somewhat odd,  
 But an orthodox Preacher by the Se—te allow'd,  
 Has given them this Right 'till now thought in God,  
*Which no Body, &c.*  
 Says

Says the *Rights* of the *Church*, and this *Teacher*, Mankind  
Are to God and their King by contract confin'd,  
Which, if it be not mutual, never can bind,

*Which no Body, &c.*

Nay, supposing it so, and both Sides agreed,  
Should the People repent, and demand to be freed,  
Cry the *Covenant's* broke, and so cancel the Deed,

*Which no Body, &c.*

Of this new-reviv'd Doctrine some still were in Doubt,  
By a Prelate Preacher so bandy'd about,  
'Till the P——nt met, and have made in all out,

*Which no Body, &c.*

The H—se was but thin, and their Questions but few,  
While the Money was giving, they'd nothing to do,  
To stir up the People to chuse them a-new,

*Which no Body, &c.*

Crys a Party-man sily, Pray where will this tend,  
If a whole Winter-Se—ns so quietly end?

'Tis by Bustle and Noise we gull Country Friend,

*Which no Body, &c.*

Here's a politick Parson of late does pretend  
To shew the Q—n's Right from God does descend,  
A mischievous Doctrine, and very ill penn'd,

*Which no Body, &c.*

Let this be the Theme of our present Debate,  
To humble such Parsons, and not let them prate,  
For the Bible has nothing to do with our St—e,

*Which no Body, &c.*

The Motion was lik'd, and they take special Care,  
To shew they design no Mortal to spare,  
For as Patron to him, they arraign my Lord M—r,

*Which no Body, &c.*

He frighten'd, when t'other's in Custody taken,  
The Orders he gave, has wisely forsaken;  
So the Doctor was lurch'd, and the M—r sav'd his

(Bacon,

*Which no Body, &c.*

But

But hold, crys a Member, I think we've all err'd,  
'Cause the Man's a Fool to strike at the whole Herd,  
And therefore to mend it, let's have one prefer'd,

*Which no Body, &c.*

The Q—n can't refuse such a pious Address,  
She'll make him a Bishop, she can do no less,  
For he raises the People, and her does depreß,

*Which no Body, &c.*

The Party was mightily pleas'd with this Speech,  
And vote, (that all Parsons may learn how to preach)  
This Man to promote, and the other im—ch,

*Which no Body, &c.*

This loyal Resolve is brought up to the L—ds,  
To which the Majority streightway accord,  
And agree that such Principles should be abhor'd,

*Which no Body, &c.*

That for preaching this Doctrine he should be paid  
(Home,  
To be try'd at the Bar of their H—se, he shall come,  
Where for half of the Co——s they could not find

(Room,

*Which no Body, &c.*

Which the Co——s debate, and at last give their  
(Voice,

That *Westminster-Hall* is the Place of their Choice;  
For if done there in Form, 'twill make the more

(Noise,

*Which no Body, &c.*

The L—ds to this Matter gave no more Denial,  
But Scaffolds erect for a more solemn T—al,

That the Ladies, and Co——s, and Folks may be  
(by all,

*Which no Body, &c.*

To work in a Hurry Sir *Christopher* falls,  
And fetches his Men and his Boards from *St. Paul's*;  
I'm glad at my Heart they pass'd clear by *White-hall*,

*Which no Body, &c.*

This





The *Posse* is rais'd, and the C——ns out-threw  
New Votes to guard the Pulpit.

6.

The Doctor's arraign'd of high Crimes and Trans-  
For preaching such damnable Things, (gressions,  
And the rest of the Order must hate all Expressions  
Which encourage Obedience to K—s.

7.

And to suppress such a pestilent Notion  
Which scandals the Rights of the People,  
Their *Armies* are marshall'd, and now upon *Motion*,  
To pull down the C——es with Steeples.

8.

The first that assaulted was valiant Sir J——,  
A Warrior of famous Renown,  
Who fir'd a Volley of Words without mean,  
Then trembling sat himself down.

9.

Then D——n, his Second, quite out of his Reason,  
To see the chief Art — such a Buffle,  
With Lyon-like Rage endeavours to seize on  
The Doctor and's Cause in the Scuffle.

10.

The next that appear'd was the learn'd Sir P——,  
In Antiquity skilful and great,  
Whopour'd such Charges that wounded much deeper,  
But yet he was woundily beat.

11.

Then him to relieve, does L——re aspire,  
With J——l, a Judge in the *West*,  
Who bluster'd and rav'd, and swore they would fire  
The Doctrine as well as the Priest.

12.

Lord W——m comes next, most nicely equipt  
With Musquet and Ball in his Hand;  
But alas! of his Powder and Flint he was stript,  
And therefore was put to a Stand.

13. St——e

13.

St——e impatient, no longer could bear  
 To see his own Troops disappointed,  
 But storms, and discharges, and rattles i' th' Air  
 Against K—s, and all that's anointed.

14.

Then comes Mr. C——r, as Part of the Rout,  
 Well known in an eminent Cause,  
 And fights with his Friends most brave and most stout  
 'Gainst Loyalty passive and L—s.

15.

But the fiercest and keenest of all the Commanders  
 Was trusty Sir T——s of D——y,  
 Who Prowess and Courage surpriz'd the By-standers  
 Because a C—— J—— was heard by.

16.

For W——le and S——b, and the rest of the Clan,  
 Who the Doctor so bravely accosted,  
 Their Exploits were so mean, and their Actions so vain,  
 That they all deserve to be posted.

17.

To these may be added another Brigade  
 Of B——ps and Temporal L——ds,  
 Whose Weapons were ready, whose Speeches were made,  
 Full charg'd, not with Sense, but with Words.

18.

These all with a Fury becoming their Zeal,  
 For Liberty and Moderation,  
 Did fight, and were beat, their Arguments fail,  
 To the Pleasure and Joy of the N—n.

19.

The Doctor, whose Army was small, but surprizing,  
 Did totally them overthrow;  
 They smote him i' th' Arse, but still his uprising  
 Is owing to that lucky Blow.

20.

The Mob of his Side, the Ladies appear  
 All over the Town in his Favour;



Which galls the poor M—rs hanging their Ear  
Like G—r—d, or any false Brother.

21.

Dejected and scorn'd, they wander about,  
Poor Wretches, forlorn and forsaken;  
Upbraided and banter'd with Jeer and with Flout,  
Because they were happ'ly mistaken.

22.

And may all the M——rs meet with such Chance,  
And be laugh'd at in Country and Town,  
Who so basely intend, and so rudely advance  
To beat loyal Principles down.

*Another Elegy on the Death of John Dolben,  
Esq; Mannager in chief at the Tryal of Dr.  
Sacheverell. By Isaac Bickerstaffe, Esq;*

WEEP, all you *Schismatics*, since he is gone,  
That was your Hope, your Prop, and Cor-  
(ner-Stone;

*Republican Schemes* no longer hand about,  
For Death in all your Shapes, will find you out.  
Cannot the *M--n--g--rs* then rest at Ease,  
But the grim Tyrant must disturb *their* Peace?  
So *Lennard* trod the horrid Path before  
Where *Dolben's* gone, and so will many more.  
When the fierce King of Terrors gripes the Man,  
He finds his lov'd *Resistance* is in vain;  
*Passive-Obedience* then he courts too late,  
For *Death's* coercive Pow'r has seal'd his Fate.  
Thus, who 'gainst *Right divine* most warmly strive,  
Only for publick Instances of Justice live,  
'Till Providence, prepar'd to shew her Pow'r,  
Cuts off the Boaster in a thoughtless Hour;  
For he that his first Principles does quit,  
Seldom's permitted to repent of it.

A Church-man's Son, that basely can resign,  
 For the Mob's Pow'r, a Right he knows divine,  
 Can never think to meet with a Reprieve;  
 For that would be a Crime in any Pow'r to give.  
 His sacred Sire would be asham'd to see  
 A Son of his contend 'gainst Royalty;  
 Much more to see him pull the Mitre down,  
 And trample on the Honour of the Crown.  
 From such a Father, rarely it is known,  
 Was e'er produc'd so false and base a Son;  
 False to the Church, his Brethren, and the Laws;  
 False to his Friend, and false in ev'ry Cause.  
 The treach'rous Arts in Gaming first he lov'd,  
 Which was in *India* afterwards improv'd;  
 From thence his *Heathen* Politicks he drew,  
 And into *Christian* modell'd them anew.  
 Now for a St—sm—n he was well equipp'd,  
 Of Honour, Conscience, and Religion stripp'd;  
 The Church and Church-men were a daily Jest,  
 And his Diversion *roasting of a Priest*;  
 But the sweet Sawce that most regal'd his Taste,  
 Was, a fat Pension, that he gain'd at last.  
 Weep then, ye friendly *W—gs*, his sudden Fall,  
 But first repent, e'er Death o'ertake you all;  
 Ere you the Fruits of Persecution see,  
 And all th' Effects of passive Loyalty;  
 Ere all true Church-men have address'd the Throne,  
 And Duty from Disloyalty be known,  
 The Mitre flourishing beneath the Crown.

### HIS EPITAPH.

**H**ERE lies a Member both of Church and State,  
 Who yet from neither did receive his Fate;  
 But making about both a mighty Pother,  
 Death nick'd him in a Trice, like a false Brothe;  
 Nor gave him Time to say, Forgive me Mother!

Take

*Take Warning hence, all who the Church betray,  
Left for your Conscience you too dearly pay.*

---

*To th' Learn'd and Rev'rend Doctor Hoadly,  
The quaint Petition of the Godly,*

**M**OST bumbly sheweth, That whereas  
Our Cause is better than it was  
Before the happy Revolution,  
When the Saints dream'd of Persecution,  
And did, for fundry Reasons, fear  
The Pope and Devil were too near;  
But since by your authentick teaching,  
As well by scribbling, as by preaching,  
Assisted by our own Industry,  
With much ado we've got the Mast'ry;  
And that the Wisdom of the Nation,  
To shew their thankful Approbation  
Of the sound Doctrines you have sown,  
To undermine both Church and Crown,  
Drawn from those learn'd and holy Fathers,  
*Hobs, Calvin, Leiden, John, and others;*  
And that to recompence your best  
Endeavours to befoul your Nest,  
They've chose you as the only Guide,  
That must in spite be dignify'd,  
In Hopes *Sacheverell* thereby  
May see how he has trod awry,  
And learn to stretch the holy Word  
To what's destructive and absurd.

We therefore pray, when they have rais'd you,  
Who have so highly thank'd and prais'd you,  
That you'll continue still to be  
A zealous true Church-Enemy,  
Preach up those Principles that now  
Your Tongue and Pen alike avow;

Teach



Teach Subjects how to grow rebellious,  
 And turn obstrep'rous *Massanello's*;  
 Make Servants level with their Masters,  
 And set the Flock above their Pastors;  
 Pervert the Text from Good to Evil,  
 And mangle Truth to serve the Devil,  
 That Nonsense, Atheism, and Confusion,  
 May work some farther Revolution.

Then, as in Duty bound, we'll pray,  
 That you may see that happy Day,  
 When you'll b'exalted God knows whither,  
 And *Paul Lorrain* attend you thither.

*John Fox*, a zealous Moderator;  
*Tom Sly*, a Friend to th' *Observer*;  
*Jo Cant*, a rigid Presbyterian;  
*Will Smug*, a Rogue you seldom hear on;  
*Sam Stiff*, an Anabaptist Teacher;  
*Frank Bray*, a true time-serving Preacher;  
*Elias Crump*, a Camisarian;  
*Tim Mutable*, an Any-thing-arian;  
*Kit Grasp*, a Lover of his Pelf;  
*Bob Query*, Atheist, like your self.

### The *JUNTO*.

**A**T Dead of Night, when peaceful Spirits sleep,  
 And undisturb'd a peaceable Sabbath keep,  
 When only Fiends their baleful Looks display,  
 Impatient of Discov'ries from the Day,  
 The *Junto* sate, in the *N——th——rian* Dome,  
 Studious of Mischiefs, and of Ills to come.  
 The President, as usual, fill'd the Chair,  
 With serious Aspect, and malignant Air,  
*Diseas'd* in Body, and *disturb'd* in Soul,  
 The one as much unclean, as t'other foul.

On

On his right Hand was old *Vulpone* plac'd,  
 With Wealth, and ev'ry Thing but *Merit* grac'd :  
 A Man whose Arts, and undiscover'd Wiles,  
 Had vested him with wrong'd *Britannia's* Spoils ;  
 And whose all powerful and commanding *Wand*,  
 Like *Aaron's*, had distress'd and vex'd the Land.  
 The Mansion's *fluttering* Lord and Master next  
 Was on the Left on his Posteriors fix'd,  
 And with a *grinning* Countenance survey'd  
 What Schemes were drawn up, and what Plans were  
 (laid ;

As he made Signs and Tokens all was safe  
 By his *extempore* Smiles, and thoughtless Laugh.  
 Near him the Bully *Vice-Roy* cock'd his Hat,  
 And prattl'd like a Mountebank of State ;  
 Of Feats he o'er the Herring-pond had done,  
 And Profelytes to Mother-Faction won ;  
 Of breaking thro' a solemn *Stipulation*,  
 And forcing *Consciences*, by way of *Toleration*.  
 Nor was there Se——ry from his *Post*,  
 Without his intermeddling, all'd be lost ;  
 A *Peer* to be deduc'd to future Ages,  
 For buying *Books*, and reading *Title-Pages* ;  
 For *Elzivers* and *Aldus's* entire,  
 And being full as *honest* as his *Sire*.

The sixth and last was a presumptuous Lord,  
 More fit for *Colledge-Crusts*, than *Council-Board* ;  
 A *Pirate* of a *Peer*, whose borrow'd Praise  
 Proceeds from others Schemes, and others Lays ;  
 Since he now sits in Senate's Upper House,  
 By *Murray's* Projects, and by *Prior's* Mause.

*On the French King.*

B U Z.

**S**O represented, have I seen,  
 On Puppet-Stage, a mimick King;  
 The manag'd Engin seem'd to speak  
 With Voice unfeign'd, and Movements make;  
 But 'tis through an ambiguous Light,  
 The lifeless Image cheats the Sight,  
 Whilst secret Wire, and hidden Spring,  
 Directs the artificial Thing.  
 The Royal Eccho thus rebounds,  
 Words not his own, in borrow'd Sounds;  
 So formerly the Devil spoke,  
 His curst Lies thro' Heart of Oak,  
 The passive Timber guiltless utter'd  
 Whate'er th' enchanting Spirit utter'd.

M U M.

*The Save-Alls.*

**W**Hile Faction with its baleful Breath proclaims  
 The loud Applause of undeserving Names,  
 And crys up Tenets that Rebellion teach,  
 From H—y's Writings, and from S— Speech,  
 The Muse obedient to her Prince should rise,  
 To bear transcendent Merit to the Skies,  
 And Truth's Defenders piously deduce  
 From Time to Time, for future Ages Use.

O A—a! could'st thou but a while regard  
 Some Patriots Vows, and let their Pray'rs be heard;  
 Could'st thou but once thy gracious Favours deign  
 To Doctrines that support thy glorious Reign;  
 B— would not the sacred Lawn disgrace,  
 By preaching up Resistance to thy Face;

E

Nor



Nor in thy C——t Republicans be seen,  
 To wrong their Country, and deceive their Q——;  
 But R——er, restor'd from his Disgrace,  
 Would be thy D——ty in W——n's Place;  
 And fam'd S——ll unsuspended be,  
 Possess'd of some fat wealthy B——p's See.

Yet though, for some Offences yet unknown,  
 Heav'n bears with such as these too near the T——e;  
 Tho' Loyalty, for some Time, must give Place  
 To faithless Anarchy's triumphant Race,  
 And B——, to the Scandal of their Coat,  
 Against the Apostle's Exhortation Vote;  
 As most of them, altho' the Cause is Heav'n's,  
 Have left the Church at Sixes and at Sevens,  
 Justice forbids that we should Vertue wrong,  
 Or rob Religion's Champion of their Song,  
 Who for their own and Monarch's Rights have stood  
 Knavishly bold, and desperately good;  
 And fearful of Prerogative's Invasion,  
 Are justly still'd *The Save-Alls of the Nation.*

Such is the dauntless *Tork*, whose silver Hairs  
 Are crown'd with Learning equal to his Years;  
 Of Post exalted, yet of humble Mind,  
 Studious of Good, beneficent and kind;  
 As meek as *Moses*, and of *Joshua* brave,  
 When call'd to suffer, or when call'd to save.  
 Fix'd on himself, immoveable and true,  
 He treads the Steps he bids us to pursue;  
 As undebauch'd by Courtiers Smiles or Frowns,  
 He stands by God's Prerogative and the Crown's.  
 The same his Precepts which of old he taught,  
 From Reason and from Revelation brought.  
 His Language copious, and his Meaning strong,  
 His Heart not inconsistent with his Tongue.  
 For Alms, for Arts, for Probity rever'd,  
 And guiltless as the Preacher he'd have clear'd.

Such *London* is, whose high descended Veins  
 Admit no Tincture of seditious Stains;

Loyal

Loyal and just, as was his Sire, who fell  
 A Sacrifice to Treason and to Hell;  
 When Rebels their Allegiance durst disown,  
 And fought against their King to guard his Throne.  
 Oh! had not one of this illustrious Blood,  
 Lately departed from the Paths he trod,  
 And mingl'd with a base malignant Herd,  
 To be of Offices of Trust preferr'd,  
 What Family could more conspicuous shine  
 In every Branch of its untainted Line?

Such *Durham*, whose inimitable Zeal  
 For Church and Queen, and for his Country's Weal;  
 Whose early Labours, and continu'd Care,  
 Add Lustre to the Coronet and Chair;  
 And might more noble Sentiments infuse,  
 Than what are now receiv'd amongst the *Crews*.

Such *Rocheſter*, in whose unshaken Breast  
 Peace, Knowledge, Loyalty divinely rest;  
 For unsuspected Honesty renown'd,  
 With Age, with Honour, and with Judgment

His Thoughts surprizing, as their Sense is sound,  
 The Pride and Advocate of *Britain's* Isle,  
 As well as the Refiner of its Stile;  
 Whether in Verse of \* *Athens* Plagues he writes,  
 Or Treatises in nervous Prose indites,  
 Solemn when he harrangues, and sprightly when

As happy Periods his Descriptions close,  
 And Satyr mix'd with Panegyrick flows,  
 Whether he points at heavy † *Sorbier's* Flegm,  
 Or make a || *King's Society* his Theme.

Such *Bath* and *Wells* the raptur'd Muse inspires  
 With Ardent Wishes, and with holy Fires;

E 2

With

\* A Poem written by him.

† His Answer to a Journey to England.

|| History of the Royal Society.

With Vows which are incessantly preferr'd,  
 That such a Life as his may long be spar'd;  
 May still adorn the Mitre which he wears,  
 And teach his Brethren how to fill their Chairs,  
 The best of Prelates, and the best of Men,  
 A worthy Successor to Bishop Ken,  
 Like him, by no Consideration sway'd,  
 To see his Flocks misled, or Church betray'd;  
 Like him, when Storms impending threaten'd bold,  
 So were the Pastors of God's Church of old,  
 'Till Moderation made Devotion cold:

A Game trump'd up by Seditaries of late,  
 To veil their Malice, and disguise their Hate.  
 Such *Chester* is, from whose unerring Quill  
 Eternal Truths, like heav'nly Dews, distil;  
 As soft Perswasion dwells upon his Voice,  
 And plain instructive Doctrines are his Choice,  
 Atheists from his Discourses Christians turn,  
 And Profelytes their vicious Actions mourn,  
 Unable their old Tenets to pursue,  
 When he laysevery Sinners Crimes in View;  
 Horror and Dread within their Breasts instils,  
 And even saves their Souls against their Wills,  
 To read him truly, is to read his Life,  
 All of a Piece, and never known to Strife;  
 But when false Notions would take Place of true,  
 And old Opinions are laid by for new,  
 Then zealous on a Rock God's Church to fix,  
 The youngest, not the meanest of the Six.

---

*All or none.*

**A** Woman grown Lousy for Want of due Care,  
 Resolv'd all her former Mistakes to repair;  
 And accordingly went amongst Porters and Car-men,  
 For Ways and for Means to get rid of those Vermin,

Since



Since none could more readily give her Advice,  
Than such whose Acquaintance had long been with

(Lice,  
And knew where such Cattle were wont to reside,

By the Methods which they to extirpate 'em try'd.

Quoth a Fellow, whose Skill in such Myst'ries was

(deep,  
And who constantly fed 'em both awake and asleep,

By the Means of a Shirt full as black as a Coal,

And by what 't had given Birth to, could very nigh

(crawl,

Good Mistress, you've nothing to do, but go hence,

To be freed from the Creatures which give you Offence ;

For if you but shift you, 'tis twenty to one

But every Creeper troops off, and is gone.

When away went the Matron, and did as he said,

But tho' she lost some, a Majority stay'd,

That grew to Increase, and engender again in

All the Cloths she left on, both her Woollen and

(Linnen ;

Which made her outrageous, and loosen her Garters,

To pull off her Stockings, that gave 'em good Quar-

(ters ;

But that would not do, still they kept their Abode,

While she had her Stays on, or Gown, or her Commode.

Woes me, cry'd the Female, what must I do next ?

The more I pull off, still the more I'm perplext.

Oh ! that's a Mistake, said a Wench that stood by,

For none has a better Expedient than I ;

Off at once with your Stays, and your Headcloths, and Gown,

That all that hang on 'em, may burn or may drown ;

For if others are put on but spick and span new,

Not a Louse will come near 'em, or be in your View.

The Woman consider'd, and paus'd on the Matter,

For fear some ill Accident might happen after ;

And when she had her old Equipage lost,

The new ones might harbour more Lice, to her Cost :

Ac

'At last she took Heart, and resolving to do't,  
Was as clean as a Penny from her Head to her Foot,

*Advice to the ———*

**O** ———! think, thou poor unhappy ———  
How thou'rt surrounded by a vile Board of  
(Men ;

Rebels to Monarchy, sworn Foes to God ;  
Serpents and Vipers that would drink thy Blood ;  
Whose Principles took off thy G——fire's Head,  
And from whose Rage thy unhappy Father fled, }  
Forc'd in a foreign Land to beg his Bread,  
And can'st thou warm these Snakes within thy  
(Breasts ?

Are they alone to be with thy Favours blest ?  
Sure thou forget'st the former Hate they show'd  
To thee thy self, as well as all thy Blood :  
With what Derision they thy Person scorn'd ;  
How with thy Name their Satyrs were adorn'd :  
Or do'st thou vainly think, by Acts of Love,  
The Hearts of these thy Enemies do move ?  
Ah! thou mistak'st, they're ne'er to be oblig'd,  
Sun-shine does only give their Strings an Edge.  
This fatal Truth thy Royal Uncle found,  
Who all their Hopes with highest Favours crown'd,  
Forgave their Punishment to Law they ow'd,  
And in a thousand Ways his Mercy show'd ;  
Yet all in vain ; still with obdurate Hate,  
And restless Malice, they embroil'd his State ;  
Strove by unheard of Plots, his Life to gain,  
And with eternal Discord fill'd his Reign.

Awake then, ——— and exert the ———  
Show 'em thou'rt fit to be a Sovereign ;  
Discard the impious Race, whose Threats defy  
Thy m——ck Pow'r, and mock thy M——y :  
Who,

Who thy hereditary Right dethrone,  
 And make thee a mere Puppet of their own,  
 At Will to set up, or be taken down :  
 Who, to dispute thy lawful Orders, dare,  
 And judge for thee who shall thy Favours share.  
 Not so they dar'd, when Great *Eliza's* Hand  
 The Scepter of these Kingdoms did command :  
 If her just Will a Subject disobey'd,  
 She bravely struck the Rebel-Traytor dead.  
 Oh! that thou would'st her glorious Footsteps tread,  
 Then might'st thou save thy now devoted —  
 Love, Mercy, Goodness, Piety, are thine,  
 Thou want'st but Courage, and thou'rt all divine;  
 Fear not, whole Myriads in thy Cause will join. }

*British Loyalty display'd :*

O R,

*The Church in Glory.*

W<sup>H</sup>at a Pox ails the *W—s*, thus to trouble our  
 (Peace,  
 For the Crew from *Rebellion* here never would cease.  
 'Tis true, whilst great *ANNA* in Glory does reign,  
 The Rights of our *Church* she will ever maintain.  
 The true *Christian Church* she will always defend,  
 And to the Religious will prove a true Friend.  
 But yet our base Foes can't let us alone,  
 For they long'd for the Faction of damn'd *Forty-One*.  
 How now, my L—d *W—*! How came it about,  
 That you of *S—ll's* Doctrine shou'd doubt?  
 O! the Pennacle's high where *Bow-Bells* do ring,  
 Here's a Health to *S—ll*, and God bless the  
 (Queen.  
 We'll



We'll sing and carouse, and we'll heartily pray,  
That the **CHURCH** may stand firm, for ever and a  
(Day.)

We'll join these three Persons, we'll put them in one,  
For they're true to *Old England*, and true to the  
(Crown.)

So grant we may shun the unfortunate Fate,  
Of murdering Monarchs in sad *Forty-Eight*.

Then let the *D——ters* unto us give Ear,  
For the *Church* loves the *Queen*, and the *Church* is  
her Care.

British Loyalty display'd:

O R.

The Church in Glory.

What a Fox kills the W—— thus to trouble our  
(Peace)

For the Crew from Religion have never would part.

'Tis true, whilst great a W—— in Glory does reign,

The Rights of our **SANCT** will ever maintain.

The true Christian Church she will always defend,

And to the Religious will prove a true Friend.

But yet our late Fox can't let us alone,

For they long'd for the Faction of damned Fox-Gods.

How now, my ~~friend~~ — how came it about

That you of 2 — the Doctrine should doubt?

O the Pennack's high where Fox's bells do ring,

Here's a Health to 2 — and God bless the

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS, &c.

*The Seven Extinguishers.*

**T**HE Calve's-Head Brawny C—— leads the Van,  
Descended from a *Cameronian* Clan;  
Out of whose lowest Dregs he basely sprung,  
Gifted with all the *Frauds* of *Heart* and *Tongue*;  
And sworn, like Infant *Hannibal*, to bear  
Eternal Hatred to the *Roman* Chair;  
As he, in Life's most inauspicious Dawn,  
Renounc'd the M——r, and abjur'd the L——;  
Tho' some Years since, the M——r broke his Oath,  
And lives a *Burning* Se——l to 'em both.  
If those the worst of Characters deserve,  
That from the sacred Office meanly swerve,  
And to the best of Churches give Offence,  
False to their God, their Master, and their Prince.

A Quack-Divine this motly P—— succeeds,  
That more of *Galen*, than the *Bible*, reads;  
That *Herbs* and *Plants*, instead of *Texts*, pursues,  
A Gossip for *Prescriptions*, and for *News*;

As *he*, from House to House, for *Patients* strols,  
 And kills their Bodies, who should save their Souls;  
 While *he* the Tide of Contradiction stems,  
 By preaching up the *Doctrines* he condemns;  
 And for a *new Translation* in his Eye,  
 Takes part with such as *Gospel-Truths* decry.

Room for a *Third*, who *Nature's Law* has taught,  
 And Orthodox Opinions held and wrote;  
 Tho' against *Nature* now we see him err,  
 By choosing Schemes *Republicans* prefer;  
 Which *Disobedience* to their Princes teach,  
 And those that urge Allegiance home, *impeach*.  
 Oh! let not our Disgrace in *Gath* be told,  
 Nor *Askalon* its dire Remembrance hold;  
 From *Gallick Ears*, th' important Truth detain,  
 And far be our Ingratitude from *Spain*;  
 Lest *Philistines* (triumphant in our Shame)  
 Laugh at our *Factions*, and our *Feuds* proclaim;  
 Lest *Britain's* Foe deride our civil Broils,  
 And Joy to see us caught in one another's *Toils*!  
 As *he* votes for *Resistance* to the Queen,  
 To side with the *Affertions* of his D——n;  
 Who even *Royal Murther* dares applaud,  
 If *Kings* will not be by their *Subjects* aw'd:  
 A P——st that has to *Fr——n's* Stall a Right;  
 Tho' C——'s no *Successor* for *White*.

Like *him*, the *Fourth Eusebia's* Cause forsakes,  
 And *Speeches* in Defence of *Calvin* makes;  
 A two Face P——, whose erected Look,  
 Might well become the *Croser* and the *Crook*,  
 Had *he* not lately in Defence arose  
 Of *Tenets*, which the *Hierarchy* oppose,  
 And made fam'd *Alma Mater* blush to own  
 That she had such a *Father* of a *Son*;  
 Faithless, when *Int'rest* bids him shift the Scene,  
 And just as good a B—— as a D——n.

The *Fifth*, with sanctimonious Visage, draws  
 Plans, to uphold the Breach of ancient Laws;

Whole



Whole Volumes against *Att*———*ry* writes;  
 Just so the Serpent, when the File she Bites,  
 And, as she bleeds herself, in t'other's Blood delights! }  
 Strange Madness! in some *Writings* to maintain,  
 That a late King *unlimited* should reign;  
 Should have no *Convocation* for his Guide,  
 But set its Meeting and its Use aside;  
 Where'er that *Favo'rite Monarch* thought it fit,  
*Religion* to *State-Reasons* should submit;  
 And to lay down in *others*, that a Prince  
 Should not be *absolute* in any Sense,  
 As *he* admits the *People* to resist,  
 And Subjects to commit what Subjects list;  
 Even when a rightful Princess fills the Throne  
 By *God's* (and not the *People's*) Voice, her own;  
 And does such Wonders for her Kingdoms sake;  
 Sure he must be asleep, and not awake!

The *Sixth* demurely tells the M——d B——,  
*He's neither fam'd for Merit or for Sense*;  
 Yet he must hold, and own it on occasion,  
 That he that speaks against the *Toleration*,  
 Acts most *intolerably* by the Nation. }  
 For how should such as *he*, for *Truth*, assert,  
 That Subjects from their Duty may depart?  
 May with *coercive Power* the *Throne* environ,  
 And rule their lawful King with Rods of Iron?  
 If Men should other Arguments esponse,  
 And he not speak his Mind in S—— *Honse*!  
*'Tis true*, the *first Assertion* we admit,  
 And own the P—— void of *Worth* and *Wit*, }  
 Hold with him, that he's for a B——k unfit;  
 But must remind him with as grave an Air,  
 Such Doctrines ill become the sacred Ch——r,  
 Lest what some *Revolutions* bring about,  
 Should turn an undeserving B—— out,  
 And People may be giv'n to understand,  
 That he not taught, but learnt from S——.

The *Sev'nth*, by far more modest than the rest,  
 Has kept his Arguments within his Breast;  
 Not vented 'em thro' Country, and thro' Town,  
 To shame the *Clergy*, and disgrace the *Gown*:  
 As *he St. Austin's* Precepts has observ'd,  
 Not to make others swerve from *Truths* he swerv'd;  
 Not, but that his Voice has equally been giv'n,  
 To oppose and contradict the Voice of *Heav'n*;  
 And run down *Maxims* uncontested long,  
 That *Princes cannot err*, or *Kings do wrong*:  
 As *he* with others, too observant, joins  
 To bring about *Republican* Designs;  
 And *Pur-blind*, in his Country's Cause forbears  
 To see thro' their Pretensions and their Snares,  
 As in the C——'s Fall, *his* Fall must follow hers. }

Oh! whither is the Church's Genius fled,  
 That reign'd when *Sancroft* rul'd it as its Head!  
 When *Ken*, like *Moses*, to God's Will resign'd,  
 Kept it unshaken by the *Waves* and *Wind*!  
 When *Lake*, when *Turner*, and when *Frampton* strove,  
 Who should the most display paternal Love;  
 And by a steadfast Honesty, declare  
 Their spotless Duty, and unwear'd Care!  
 Alas! its Beams are lost in endless Night,  
 And *Faction's* baleful Damps extinguish *Gospel-Light*!

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*A Receipt to dress a Parson after the newest  
 Fashion; said to be laid under Sir P—K—'s  
 Plate at a publick Entertainment, instead of a  
 Bill of Fare.*

**W**hen you have a fat Parson that's fleshy and new,  
 For plain commom Stomachs, bare \* *Roast-*  
 (ing will do.

---

\* *The Mob-Cry of the Party.*

But then for the Palate of some squeamish Members,  
 You must griddle or † *broil* him on Juniper Embers ;  
 And in order to make it more easily to pass,  
 You must cut him and slash him first at the || *Cart's*  
 (*Arse.*)

If any one still is more curiously fed,  
 The Height of the Mode is to \* *boil him in Lead* ;  
 And if you'll have ev'ry Thing answer Desire,  
 With the Bible and Homilies make up the Fire.  
 When thus you have done, and are ready to sup,  
 With Sippets of Whigs you must strait dish him up :  
 But still, after all your Care in the Dressing,  
 Be sure get a Pair of L—n-Sleeves to crave Blessing ;  
 And when you have done, without finding Fault,  
 Eat him up piping hot with Pepper or Salt ;  
 If he doth not set easy, without any Question,  
 A Dram of † *Geneva* may help the Digestion.  
*Nota bene*, however, that when he is slic'd,  
 And salten, and beaten, and pepper'd, and spic'd,  
 As the wiser *Italians* of Cucumbers say,  
 You had best, after all, to throw him away ;  
 For 't'as lately been try'd, on a certain Occasion,  
 By most of the Can——ls of the whole Nation,  
 Dress him never so long, to make him the more fit,  
 He'll ride on your Stomach, and give you a Surfeit ;  
 For tho' a whole Month they have taken to cook him,  
 Before he's digested, 'tis thought, he will choak 'em.

---

† *Sir Stephen Le——d's Sayings.*

|| *Mr. Buf——n's Saying.*

\* *A Devonshire Whig's Saying.*

† *A Spirit which the Soldiers in Flanders drink, instead of Brandy.*



*A Copy of Verses, written in a Common-Prayer-Book, presented to a Lady in 1644. upon her building a Closet for her Books.*

Since it has lately pleas'd our new-born State,  
 The Common-Prayer-Book t' excommunicate,  
 To turn it out of all, as if it were  
 Some grand *Malignant*, or some *Cavalier*;  
 Since in our Churches 'tis by them forbid  
 To say such Pray'r's as our *Fore-fathers* did,  
 So that God's House must now be call'd no more  
 The House of Pray'r, tho' e'er so call'd before;  
 As if these Christians were resolv'd to use  
 That House for *Merchandize*, or *publick Stews*,  
 Worse than their Ancestors the *stiff-neck'd Jews*.  
 Since that of Pray'r's of *Christ* may now be said,  
 It wants a Place whereon to lay its Head;  
 I can't but choose t' admire your pious Care  
 To build your *Closet* for distressed Pray'r;  
 Which here in mourning Clad, presents it self,  
 Begging some little Corner on your Shelf;  
 For since 'tis banish'd from all publick View,  
 There's none dare entertain't but such as you.

How Times and Men are chang'd! Who would  
 (have thought  
 To've seen our *Service-Book* thus set at nought?  
 A Book worth Gold, if rightly understood,  
 Compos'd by *Martyrs*, sealed with their *Blood*;  
 Once burnt by *Papists*, for no other Cause,  
 But that it was repugnant to their Laws;  
 Now by the *Zealots* 'tis condemn'd to die,  
 Because, forsooth, they think it *Popery*.  
 Thus then we see the Golden Mean despis'd,  
 And how 'twixt *Thieves*, like *Christ*, 'tis crucify'd:  
 Yet cease to wonder, we see stranger Things,  
 Kings are the *Subjects*, and the *Subjects* Kings.

The meanest Sort, alas! usurp their Pow'r;  
 And th' *Upper House* is now beneath the *Low'r*;  
 The Head beneath the Feet; they wear the *Crown*,  
 And thus we see the World turn'd upside down.  
 Now Learning does give Place to Ignorance,  
 And Statute-Laws to each wild Ordinance;  
*Religion* to prophane, Rites, Vain-glory,  
 The Common-Pray'r-Book to a Directory.  
 No Man dares preach against Rebellion now;  
 Nor can we pray as we were wont to do.  
 All Things are in Disorder, and I fear  
 Are like to be, 'till we be as we were;  
 'Till *Kings* be *Kings* once more, and 'till we see  
 The Church enjoy her ancient Liberty;  
 'Till Bishops do return to end this Stir  
 'Twixt th' *Independent* and the *Presbyter*;  
 'Till Loyalty be had in more Regard,  
 And 'till Rebellion have its just Reward.  
 And that these Times shall come, we'll not despair;  
 For this and more may be obtain'd by Pray'r.

*A Copy of Verses in Answer to N. F. G. Gent.*

*To the Tune of Packington's Pound.*

**Y**E *Vicars*, and *Curates*, and *Lecturers* all,  
 Make Haste, and repair unto *Westminster-hall*;  
 For there you may hear, ev'ry one if you will,  
 No Tryal at Bar, but a Tryal of Skill;  
 For Low-Church and High,  
 Their Strength are to try,  
 Where Queen, Lords, and Commons are all to be by.  
 O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'tis all long of thee,  
 Thoud'st better be hang'd upon the tripple Tree.  
 For 'Chev'rell of *Southwark* a Sermon has preach'd,  
 For which he now stands by the Commons impeach'd,  
 B 'Cause

'Cause it was suspected his Sermon was meant  
Against our good Queen, and her good Government;  
Which if it appears

Before our wise Peers,

'Tis thought he can scarcely escape with his Ears.

O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'twere better for thee,

That thou had'st been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.

It now may be found, that some Notions and Words  
May pass the Lord's House, but not the House of Lords.

Your Priest-riding Doctrine is quite out of Date,

'Tho' early you learnt it, you teach it too late;

And mark what I cry,

Ye Church-men that fly,

The lower you fall, still the more you'll mount high.

O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'twere better for thee,

That thou had'st been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.

But look what a Change of Affairs is here come,

Which shows us some Men are much frailer than some;

His Judges, 'tis true, have the Criminal cast,

But then, what a Sentence d'ye think they have past?

For strangely inclin'd

To condemn, yet be kind,

Their Punishment's lame, as their Justice is blind.

O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'twere better for thee,

If thou had'st been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.

His Cure is turn'd *Sine Cure* for his Offence,

With nothing to do but to pick up the good Pence;

Wherefore, 'tis believ'd, when he preaches next,

He'll take special Care not to alter his Text.

'Tho' in Perils was he,

As much as might be,

Yet by some false Brethren he quite was set free.

O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'twere better for thee,

If thou had'st been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.

Ye *Vicars*, and *Curates*, and *Lecturers* all,

May go back again now from *Westminster-hall*,

Sedition preach-up, at the Government rail,

No Danger shall follow your ill-temper'd Zeal;

For



For far from discarded,  
You shall be rewarded.

And God knows by whom, be at length much regarded.  
O! 'Chev'rell, O! 'Chev'rell, 'twere better for thee,  
If thou had'st been hang'd upon the tripple Tree.

*A late Dialogue between Dr. Burgess, and Daniel d'Foe, in a Cyder-Cellar near Billingsgate, concerning the Times.*

Q Uoth Daniel the Doctor, to Daniel d'Foe,  
I pray, Brother, tell me how Matters do go,  
And which gets the better, the High or the Low? }

Dan. In Troth I can't tell, but fearfully doubt  
The Devil will have it, we all must turn out;  
One Friend we have lost that stuck closely to us,  
And the fatal *Remove* may help to undo us.

Dr. Avert it, good Heaven, for what will become  
(on's,

If the Heads of our Party be brought to the Summons?  
If a Parliament high should fall to impeaching,

Dan. Then farewell short Cloaks, and extempore  
(Preaching;

Thy Neck and mine, — Dr. must come to the Stretch,  
And for opposing of Jack, Dan. be punish'd by Ketch,  
No more Calves-head-Clubs shall meet at the Proctor's,  
No more Sequestration, nor roasting of Doctors.  
I confess 'twas a very untowardly Hit,

That twenty such \* *Cooks* should be beat with the Spit.

Dr. Well, let's not despair, I'll preach. Dan. And  
(I'll write,

But the Devil a Jot will they edify by't;  
For all I can say, their Reason controuls  
No more, than your preaching does Good to their Souls.

Addresses run on in such *high-flying* Fits,  
That at last they have run themselves out of their  
(*Wits*;

Hereditary Right to uphold and dispute,  
Which I have set 'em to *prove*, but find they can't do't.  
Prerogative Royal they resolve to support,  
And want a new House to make a new Court.

Now who, in their Senses, can tell what they mean,  
But to ruin the Nation, and banter the Queen?

*Republican Principles* all do renounce,  
And so— *Dr.* the old Cause — *Dan.* is blasted at once.

*Dr.* How are we in Number? *Dan.* That's hard  
(to be told;

The Champions that stood it so brave, and so bold,  
Their *Spirits* are sunk, and their Zeal is grown cold.

*Dr.* I fear the late Tryal, — *Dan.* has ruin'd  
(us quite,

The Doctor's *Come-off* was a damnable Bite.

*Dr.* Had he been hang'd, *Dan.* then all had  
(right.

*Dr.* Pray what do they say o'th' *Occasional Bill*?  
Will't come on again? *Dan.* 'Tis doubted it will.

*Dr.* Why then we're undone. — But sure our good  
(Queen

By no ill Advice can be so overseen,  
T'oppress tender Consciences; for that's persecuting  
The Saints of the Lord, beyond all disputing;

If a holy Brother, of any Perswasion,  
Can't stretch his Conscience to serve an *Occasion*,  
Nor obtain of her *Majesty* such a small *Grace*  
As the damning his *Soul*, to get him a Place.

*Dan.* You say very right, for 'tis an *evil Intent*.  
To force us to *Heaven* against our Consent;

And if the broad Way we had rather pursue,  
Why should the Devil be wrong'd of his *Due*?

Come, here's a good Health to all of our Party,  
The *Bishops*, and others. *Dr.* I thank ye most heart'ly,  
*Dan.*

*Dan.* Let the rest take their Swing, as Time shall  
(allot 'em,  
And ev'ry Tub stand on its own Bottom.

---

*A Ballad on the Junto.*

*To the Tune of Lilly Bullero.*

**N**OW *Britains* mourn,  
Your Liberty torn,  
Now *J—y* the Trickster grave *S—rs* has won,  
To assist a Great *D—fs*,  
Some believe that a Witch is,  
To govern three Realms with Arms and Advices  
Of *Volpone, Volpone, Ch—l, and Or—d,*  
*L—on, H—f—x, W—n, and S—*  
*Volpone, Volpone, &c.*  
Tho' by the *Q—n* she was rais'd  
Of Honour, tho' once but a Maid,  
Yet she basely her Mistress and Church has betray'd;  
For which I don't fear  
To see her hoist in the Air,  
With a Curse in her Mouth, instead of a Pray'r.  
*Oh! Volpone, Volpone, &c.*  
*C—ry* his Grace,  
With dull Writ in his Face,  
Must certainly have amongst them a Place,  
Or Low-flying Church  
Will be left in the Lurch,  
By such damn'd Protectors of Puritan Race  
*As Volpone, Volpone, &c.*  
The *T—r* then  
Money must send  
To Great ——— our Towns to defend.  
Instead of fighting the *French*,  
Our Men lie in a Trench,

And



And who but Great ——— that scrapes up the Pence,  
 With *Volpone, Volpone, &c.*  
 While the Juntilio-Board,  
 With the true loyal Lords,  
 Will now be impeach'd, and hang'd up with Cords,  
 For daring to oppose  
 The Q——'s real Foes,  
 Who then uncontroll'd may sell or depose,  
 With *Volpone, Volpone, &c.*  
 I'd like to have forgot  
 The Mob of the Plot,  
 Lady Will. leud H——at, and S——f——ld the Scot :  
 Are not these able Pates,  
 Having fold once a State,  
 To think to controul of three Realms the Fate,  
 With *Volpone, Volpone, &c.*  
 Perkin ne'er will despair,  
 If *France* Money can spare,  
 'Till against all these Vipers our Q—— will declare.  
 Then *Lewis le Grand*  
 Will be put to a Stand,  
 To find such Tools and Knaves all over the Land,  
 As *Volpone, L——on, S——r, and D——r,*  
*S——f——ld, S——d, W——n, and H——d.*

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*The Ghost's Admonition to the M——g——r*

**B**Ehold, we are come from gloomy Shades below  
 To visit you, and for to let you know  
 The sad Disasters we have undergone,  
 Since last we parted at the rising Sun.  
 'Twas there, you know, we undertook the Thing  
 To make *Cabalia* once above the Q——  
 The Church we doubted not to ruin too.  
 But that, it seems, does overcome its Foe;  
 And, I'm afraid, 'twill ruin you also.

Repent,

Repent, I say, before it is too late,  
 Least Vengeance overtake you in the State:  
 'Tis not your being Great, or Chief, will do,  
 If Death but summons, you must also go,  
 And leave behind you all your greatest Glory:  
 Repent in time, I say, it is best for ye.  
 There's many more are waiting, I do say,  
 For Honours great, so pompous and so gay;  
 But let me tell 'em, when they have got all,  
 Glory nor Riches will save you from a Fall;  
 Remember us, I'm sure it is not long  
 Since we were courted by the Wh—sh Throng,  
 But now, 'tis true, the Dead we are among. }  
 The Almighty's Hand is visible, 'tis clear,  
 Upon two Roasters and two M—g—rs;  
 Who would have thought such jolly Men as we,  
 Should die so soon? you see 'tis Heaven's Decree  
 Must be obey'd; and what is also true,  
 You all must follow in a Day or two;  
 Avoid those Torments we do undergo,  
 We are not roasted without basting too:  
 Fire enough we cannot want, while here,  
 And Cups of Sulphur is our noblest Chear;  
 No dainty Pullets crammed are with Gold,  
 Nor Lap-Trunks, which do many Guineas hold;  
 You won't find here, as you have done above;  
 All such Temptations from us are remov'd;  
 And what does plague us, is *Sacheverell*,  
 The Thoughts of him torments our Souls in H—ll;  
 Oh! that we had but overcome that Foe,  
 We could endure our Torments Top to Toe;  
 But lack of this, it plagues us to the Soul,  
 While we in Flames of burning Brimstone roul.  
 All this is nothing we would undergo,  
 Salting, Pickling, Baking, and Roasting too, }  
 If once the Wh— could overcome this Foe.  
 We are toss'd and tumbl'd up and down again,  
 And down and up, we sigh, alas! in vain.

Surely

Surely by this you will avoid our Fate;  
 All we can't tell, repent ere't be too late;  
 May you escape, and eternally be free  
 From all such Plagues and endless Misery;  
 But hark, methinks we hear our Sentinel  
 Patrouling round our Stegion Lake of H—ll;  
 If he should take us, we are all undone,  
 He may invent new Torments for each one;  
 Let us with-draw, we must retire in hast,  
 Farewel, dear Friends, no Minutes lose or wast.  
 Thus down into our gloomy Orb we go,  
 Behold what we have got by ruining a Foe,  
 Eternal Misery, and *endless Woe*. }

---

*A Litany for the Fast.*

**F**ROM Merit unweildy, and overgrown Worth;  
 From such Honours and Loyalty, Faith, and fo  
 (forth,  
 As three Princes betray'd, and now bullies the fourth,  
*Libera nos, Domine.*  
 From Duty that is such a Rarity thought,  
 That while Honour and Conscience, not worth a  
 (Groat,  
 This at the Price of a House and Crown-Lands must  
 (be bought,  
*Libera nos, &c.*  
 From who keeps the vacant Commissions six Months,  
 Of Colonels and Captains, Premiers, and Seconds;  
 And oh! terrible thus is an Army at once,  
*Libera nos, &c.*  
 From a Peace to be manag'd by such Plenipo's  
 As thereby forty thousand *per Annum* must lose,  
 And who has no Passion for Money, God knows,  
*Libera nos, &c.*  
 From



From the Cause of a Court, and the Spawn of a Bawd;  
 From Malice and Faction, Pride, Envy, and Fraud;  
 From a Cloven-Foot, veil'd with a Petticoat-Lord,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From the Pest of a State, a Club-ridden Knave,  
 Who a Nation does with their own Money enslave,  
 And has damn'd more than thou in thy Justice can

(save,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From tremendous Cabals, that do fatally rise;  
 From enlightning Custard and hot Mutton-Pyes,  
 To bubble the State, and bully the Skies,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From such Civil Law as insults Holy Writ;  
 From the Number where Faction contracted does sit,  
 Into five; that's two Fools, two Knaves, and a Wit,

*Libera nos, &c.*

From a People too good to be told of their Faults;  
 From an H—d of a City, whose Word goes for nought,  
 Who'll endeavour to save St. Paul's-work, 'tis thought,

*Libera nos, &c.*

### *A Tale of a Tarr.*

#### *A new Ballad.*

**A** Tight and trim Vessel  
 As ever ye knew,  
 Was mann'd Stem and Stern  
 With a trusty stout Crew.

The Captain was held  
 By his Lads in Esteem;  
 And he, honest Man,  
 Was as tender of them:

3.  
**No fatal Mistrustings**

**Aboard 'em prevail'd;**

**In Concord they anchor'd,**

**In Concord they sail'd:**

4.

**'Till a turbulent Tarr,**

**As at Yard-arm need hang,**

**In Ill-will to the Captain,**

**Dumbfounded the Gang:**

5.

**Suggesting from Round-top,**

**With Nonsense and Anger,**

**That, beset by false Friends,**

**The Ship was in Danger.**

6.

**Tho' but few Days before,**

**On Deck they'd been told,**

**The next Tool who said so,**

**Should be surely Keel-haul'd.**

7.

**Now, the Cause ye must know**

**Of all this loud Pudder,**

**Was to work in some Folks**

**To Posts at the Rudder;**

8.

**Who might, by that Means,**

**Their whole Aim being for't,**

**More insensibly tack**

**To the Enemy's Port;**

9.

**Where lurks a Pretender,**

**Prepar'd to their Hand,**

**To toss o'er-board the Captain,**

**And seize the Command:**

10.

**So that true-hearted Sailors**

**Should be the more ready,**

By a careful look-out,  
To keep Matters steady.

11.

This Delinquent o' course then  
Was brought to the Mast,  
To fix, or wipe off  
All the Dirt he had cast:

12.

Where, with confident Look,  
To save his dear Bacon,  
He call'd God to witness  
They all were mistaken;

13.

That the false Friends he meant,  
Either 'fore Ship or aft,  
Were the Winds and the Waves;  
And then saucily laugh.

14.

This Jesuit Banter  
Amusing the Crew,  
In the Captain's own Face  
They with Mutiny flew:

15.

Joining Tarr's Health, and his,  
In their scandalous Flip,  
And firing Broad-sides  
Around the poor Ship.

16.

Unmerited Grace,  
Tho' condemn'd, he thus had;  
The few Wise shook their Heads,  
More Blockheads huzza'd.



*On the Sentence passed by the House of Lords,  
on Dr. Sacheverell.*

**H**Ail, pious Days! thou most propitious Time,  
When hated Moderation was a Crime;  
When sniv'ling Saints were cropt for Look of Grace,  
And branded for a Conventicle Face.  
Whole Floods of Gore distain'd the guilty Years,  
Noses ragou'd, and Fricasies of Ears:  
When rampant *Laud* the Church's Thunder threw,  
His sacred Fury no Distinction knew:  
The People suffer'd, and the Priesthood too. }

But now behold the bright inverted Scene,  
Mercy returns in a forgiving Queen:  
Her Senate's Anger burns in milder Fires,  
Proud of that Clemency which she inspires.  
Calmly they try their Enemy profess,  
And tho' they damn the Doctrine, save the Priest;  
On the deluded Tool look mildly down,  
And spare the factious Pedant for the Gown.  
So when in sullen State, by Peasants bound,  
The gen'rous Lyon walks his thoughtful Round;  
Should some small Cur his Privacy invade,  
And cross the Circle which his Paws had made;  
Fir'd with Disdain, he hurls his Eyes below,  
But loath to grapple with so mean-a Foe;  
Bestrides him, shiv'ring with inglorious Fear,  
And pisses on the Wretch he scorns to tear.

*On the high-flying Addressers,*

*Nunquam sera est, &c.*

'Tis never too late to grow wiser.

1. **Y**OU *Tories* now no longer Conscience plead,  
Your vile *Addressing* stands much more in need  
Of Pardon from that Pow'r y' abhor and dread.

2. 'Tis 'gainst the *Whigs* you bend your flagrant Spight,  
Your *Jus divin'*, hereditary Right;  
For the Devil you mean the *Ha——*r Succession by't.

3. Yet to the *Queen of Non-Resistance* boast;  
But what by trusting to't her Father lost,  
He knew to your Shame, and dearly to his Cost.

4. And could you once (which Heav'n grant ne'er may be)  
But on the Throne your dear *Pretender* see,  
How would you tack about your Loyalty?

5. You'd then huzza him as true Heir by Blood,  
In all *Addresses* swear you understood  
Him only, and not *Anne*, —— by all that's good.

6. This has been *Trickster's* and *Sach——rell's* Aim,  
To hallow the Mob to play their trait'rous Game,  
And if it not succeeds, ——  
To hang for those who most deserve that Shame.

Good

*Good Advice, if rightly taken.*

*A Ballad.*

**W**HAT strange *Confus'on* at this Time  
 Throughout the *Realm* is seen,  
 And spread about in *Prose* and *Rhime*,  
 God save our gracious *Queen*,  
 And send that we may once agree,  
 Before it be too late,  
 Left it do bring in *Jeopardy*  
 The *Church*, as well as *State*!  
 Good People all therefore take *Care*,  
 From *Hears* and *Malice* cease;  
 And do not, by domestick *War*,  
 Obstruct the wish'd for *Peace*.  
 But if ye'd have the common *Foe*  
 All *Europe* to enthral,  
 Go madly on, as now ye do,  
 And help the faithless *Gaul*.  
 For though our *Troops* break through *French Lines*,  
 And oft their *Armies* beat;  
 If we cease not our *Strife* betimes,  
 We shall our selves defeat:  
 For who can empty *Notions* frame,  
 That he will tamely stand,  
 And not play out that winning *Game*  
 We deal into his Hand.  
 If ever happy *Days* ye'd see,  
 And *Liberty* enjoy,  
 Unite against the *Enemy*,  
 And don't your selves destroy  
 By in-bred *Fars*, under Pretence  
 The *Church* is sore oppress'd,  
 Since ev'ry Man of common *Sense*  
 Knows that is but a *Jest*.

What



What is't can hurt the *Church*, I trow,  
 When she has such a Head  
 As pious *Anna*, who, we know,  
 Was in her *Bosom* bred,  
 And will support those *lawful Rights*  
 Which to her appertain,  
 In spite of all those *restless Wights*,  
 Who'd cramp her happy *Reign*.

---

*Seasonable Advice.*

**B**riton, take Care, before it be too late,  
 The *Torrent* stop which may o'erwhelm the *State*;  
 For tho' the aspiring *Gaul* is now brought low,  
 You may, by *home-bred Fars*, your selves undo.  
*Annals* do tell the Pow'r of ancient *Rome*,  
 And *Victories* by those of *Carthage* won;  
 Yet did *domestick Feuds* the last expose  
 To conqu'ring *Rome*, and *Rome* herself to *Foes*.  
 Beware then, *Alb'on*, once, at least, be wise,  
 Prevent, in Time, those *Ills* which must arise  
 From most unhat'ral *Strife* and *Jealousies*.  
 When *Sands* or *Shelves* to *Pilots* do appear,  
 They from the *Danger* do their *Vessels* steer;  
 And who's so blind, that cannot plainly see  
 Those *Rocks* to shun, which threaten *Liberty*?  
 It is not yet full two and twenty Years,  
 Since *courted Revolution* calm'd your *Fears*;  
 And can ungrateful Men so soon despise  
 The Cause from whence their *Welfare* did arise?

*The Whigs Idol:*

O R,

*The new-fashion'd Loyalty.*

**W**HEN cruel Nero over Rome bore Sway,  
 To him the Christians did Obedience pay;  
 Tho' he was cruel, yet they did all choose  
 Their Goods, their Lives, whate'er they had to lose;  
 Rather than lift their Hands against the King,  
 Or to his Foes the least Assistance bring.  
 They knew the Gospel gave a strict Command  
 'Gainst God's Anointed not to lift a Hand:  
 Had not the Lord commanded it, 'tis plain,  
 They'd not have tamely seen their Fellows slain:  
 Had they rais'd Arms, so numerous were they grown,  
 They could the Tyrant with great Ease dethrone;  
 Yet they chose rather to be brave and good,  
 And seal their Saviour's Doctrine with their Blood;  
 But Liberty and Property's now grown  
 The only Darling of the Town,  
 And under this Pretence, they dare rebel,  
 If Kings in their Opinion rule not well;  
 For they to him did give the ruling Place;  
 He's no King by God's, but by the People's Grace:  
 Thus, tho' a King by Birth comes to his Throne,  
 Yet they pretend 'tis they that give the Crown,  
 And think Obedience due to them alone:  
 The loyal Man was once accounted brave,  
 But now he's call'd a false perfidious Knave:  
 Now to be brave one must a Rebel be,  
 And throw aside neglected Loyalty.  
 Would you Preferment gain in C——h and S——e,  
 Use Pen and Tongue 'gainst both to write and prate;  
 For Loyalty is now become a Crime,  
 He's a Time-server does not serve the Time:

Christ's

Christ's Doctrines now are wholly set at nought;  
 And, in their Room, Man's vicious Fancies taught.  
 They cry, St Paul did never understand  
 The Constitution of the *British* Land;  
 As if the Gospel-Precept must give Way,  
 And Truth divine must human Laws obey.  
 At this Rate, in few Years we then should find  
 The Bible made to speak each Rebel's Mind;  
 Like an old Suit, which has some Time been wore,  
 The Scriptures we should see turn'd out of Door,  
 And this Religion be, that was a Crime before.

*Horatii Epodon Septimum, Imitated.*

**W**HAT Madness, *Country-men*, inspires?  
 What means this Enthusiastick Heat  
 With Wine-Off'rings, as if some God  
 Approach'd, a hot-brain'd Priest to meet?  
 Are you resolv'd to encrease our Fewds,  
 And add new Mischiefs to the past?  
 Perhaps your Fingers itch again  
 To lay more *Meeting-Houses* waste.  
 What, is the bloody Time forgot,  
 When *Smithfield* flow'd with *English* Blood?  
 Or would you, — savage as you are,  
 Rejoyce to see a second Flood?  
 Against the proud *Pretender* arm,  
 And all his num'rous Friends engage;  
 On those who own not *Anna's* Pow'r,  
 Vent all your Malice and your Rage.  
 'Tis *they* who would rejoyce to see  
 Such civil Broils and Discords rise;  
 Mind not their smooth prevailing Words,  
 Under the Grass the *Serpent* lies.  
 The *Tyger*, nor the cruel *Bear*,  
 Nor *Lyon*, on his Kind does prey;



For Shame then, *Country-men*, forbear,  
 To act more savagely than *they*.  
 Is it true Zeal, religious Heat,  
 And Love to your great *Idol*, *S*?  
 Or is it *Lewis* in Disguise,  
 Who is the cursed Cause of this?  
 Asham'd, you all hang down your Heads;  
 With Guilt you all astonish'd stand;  
 Oh! that such Weeds were rooted out,  
 And banish'd from our native Land.  
 Then would all Discord cease, and Union smile,  
 And Peace and Plenty bless our *British* Isle.

*The Wolf stript of his Shepherd's Clothing, ad-  
 dress'd to Dr. Sacheverell.*

*By a Salopian Gentleman.*

OF all the jolly Sights the Town has shown  
 Of foreign Apes and Drolls, or of her own,  
 Of filter'd Bullies, or of hatless Beaus,  
 With all the Civet Train of Furbelows,  
 Of patch'd up Madams, or of worn out Bawds,  
 Or consecrated Pillories of *Lauds*,  
 Unjointed Vaulters, Kick-shaws, Jack-a-lents,  
 Produc'd in Streets, in Taverns, or in Tents,  
 There's none admir'd in all the loyal List,  
 As is the butter'd, or the non-resisting Priest.  
 A Shepherd, he, until he understood  
 The only fatt'ning Food was *Flesh and Blood*.  
 By these the Wolf to mighty Bulk increas'd,  
 And his lean Chaps grew watry at the Feast,  
 In gormandizing Guts the greater Beast,  
 No more the Fleece shall for the *Flesh* attone,  
 Our greedy Shepherd now is wiser grown,  
 And *Pan* shall keep the harmless Sheep alone.

The

The harmless Sheep, that only wish to share  
 The common Benefits of vital Air,  
 To feed and sport on *Ida's* flow'ry Plain,  
 Refresh'd by Heav'n's own Bounties, Sun and Rain;  
 At Noon to cool at some refreshing Spring,  
 And sweetly join Great *Pan's* just Praise to sing.  
 Great *Pan*, whose watchful Care at once did keep  
 The unspotted Lambs, and the unguarded Sheep,  
 Who yield their Fleeces, and their Lives to boot,  
 When their just *Pan* shall call 'em forth to do.

The Heav'n's smil'd, and bless'd with great Increase  
 Our joyful Land, Prosperity and Peace  
 Ran down our late bemi'd Streets at Home,  
 Abroad our Arms but come and overcome.

The blisful \* Morn, like Yesterday Noon, was clear,  
 Her sweet Approach did ev'ry Mortal cheer

*Aurora* open'd her odoriferous Door,  
 And scatter'd Roses o'er the Heav'nly Floor.

Great *Titan* sets his glorious Throne on high,  
 And trac'd his fiery Horses thro' the Sky;

Each weeping Flower its drooping Head did raise,  
 And op'd its Lips to kiss his welcome Rays.

The feather'd Herd with one Consent did wing,  
 In charming Notes his juster Praise to sing,

Meeting at ev'ry Grove and ev'ry Spring.  
 The duller human Race could smile to see

Their Vitals from the frozen Jelly free,  
 Determin'd in themselves, nought could beget

A vital Spirit but a vital Heat.  
 Thus happy were we when this Wolf slept in,

And lead the hideous Herd to Blood and Sin.  
 For Men must needs grow mad, tho' none knew why,

Unless thro' pamp'ring Ease and Luxury.  
 So sovereign Balms must needs increase the Sore,

And over-flowing Plenty make us poor.

D 2

Lately

---

\* The Beginning of *Queen Ann's* Reign.

† *Queen Elizabeth.*

Lately we groan'd beneath the galling Yoke,  
 Now Liberty and Ease does more provoke:  
 When Heaven rains Manna, 'tis we Hunger know,  
 Are only curs'd 'cause Blessings overflow.  
 Divisions once we wish'd should be remov'd,  
 Union and Concord now are less belov'd;  
 Rather than Love and Charity shall greet,  
 Our acting Hands shall quarrel with our Feet:  
*Egyptian* Bondage lately overthrown,  
 All Gods (save those we make) we scorn to own;  
 Our Image only in the Calf is known.

Hail! mighty, mighty Int'rest, doubly hail!  
 With Calves the Golden Calf must needs prevail.  
 'Tis like, likes like, only in this, the Gold  
 Is more illustrious, as 'tis better Mould;  
 And hence the God proceeds, if made of Clay,  
 The God's a Beast, tho' not so great as they.

Next hail the zealous Mob, for who can tell  
 But this admir'd Zeal may ever dwell  
 In this same zealous Crowd, and their S———  
 Int'rest, I'm sure, will ne'er be out of Date,  
 As Want will still attend the Profligate:  
 Blood-thirsty Men will still delight in Blood,  
 And Rebels always make Rebellion good,  
 If Nouns and Passives can be understood,  
 'Tis natural, what Nature does decide,  
 The Doctor, and the Mob, are Nature's Pride:  
 The Zeal is in the Rabble still, as 'twas of old,  
 He must be guilty whom their Captain sold,  
 Their chosen *Barrabas* too uncontroll'd.  
 Great was *Diana*, then tho' no Man knew  
 Why they came there, nor whence their Fury grew;  
 All is confus'd, yet they can all agree  
 To damn the Guiltless, set the Guilty free:  
 'Twixt Beast and Beast, what Diff'rence can you find?  
 'Tis like, likes like, thro' all the savage Kind.  
 On this known Truth we'll then no longer dwell,  
 The Doctor likes the Mob, the Mob S———



Transmiger'd Souls may of their Fate complain,  
 In some bemir'd Hog grunt forth their Pain,  
 But never, never can be free again. }

Where are you all, you lewd ignoble Guests,  
*False Brethren, Grindals, Burnets, Hoadleys, Wests!*  
 Of all the Sons, I know not what ye are,  
 Pretend to cant, and preach, and cannot curse and  
 (swear,

Drink loyal Healths, and loyal Canto's sing,  
 At once pray for, and plot against the King;  
 Raise up the Mob, the Government to spite,  
 Be each Man only true, and yet a *Jacobite!*  
 The non-resisting Principles pursue;  
 You don't refuse the King, but he refuses you!  
 Bishops and Priests, Republicans to own  
 True Church, and Persecution left alone!  
 Non-Residences sure you'll not deny,  
 And can't so many Steeples raise you high?  
 D'ye think the Man that cannot swear, can't plot,  
 And can you see a Brother in a Scot?

Pretend to Zeal, and yet grant Liberty,  
 Plead Gospel rightly, and yet set Conscience free, }  
 And Sons o'th' Church not with her Sons agree:  
 As Flesh, and Blood, and Soul makes up the Man,  
 So preaching, praying, the Republican;  
 So Non-Resistance teaches to resist,  
 Rebellion so proclaims the passive Priest.

In Infant Gods of late he took Delight,  
 The Prince! his daily Thoughts, his Dreams by  
 (Night;

And mighty Anthems his perpetual Note,  
 To Coat of Freeze, and holy Milk of Goat.

But ah! what Stars attend the Just and Good!  
 This *Brittish* God not knowing what he did,  
 Directed merely by the Hand of Chance,  
 Repis'd his Nurse, and so was sent to *France*:  
 No sooner there, but we may all resist  
 Gods that we make, we make but as we list;

Int'rest

Int'rest dissolve the Bonds, and to be sure  
There's no Obedience due to Gods that have no Pow'r.

The Teacher, and the Taught, make always two,  
The loyal Non-Resisters, Sufferers you  
By Sword in Hand, the loyal Height is known  
Obedient still to Kings — that are their own;  
But if our Kings from Blood and Rapine keep,  
These are not Kings for Wolves, but Kings for Sheep.

Hence 'twas, that this insatiate Beast of Prey,  
Swoll'n big with Malice, in Revenge grown grey,  
With poyson'd Blood boiling thro' all his Veins,  
(Of's late Humanity without Remains)  
Of all the hideous Kind, most noted stood,  
With glaring Eyes, amidst the grinning Brood,  
Roaring out Blasphemies, and bleating Blood.

Amen is eccho'd thro' the Wolfish Sky,  
Wolves can't be safe, whilst Shepherds multiply;  
And mighty Herds of Wolves are henceforth seen,  
Destroy the Subject, to secure the Queen!

Thus those sweet Beams, that with such Bliss did  
(flow,  
Hugg'd in their Bosom the benighting Foe:  
Noisome *Effluvia* suck'd from ev'ry Lake,  
Scum of the Earth, and like its self opake.  
These clubb'd, and soon prodigious Armies form  
Of teeming Clouds, our fleeting Joys to storm.  
The burthen'd Heavens of their Load complain,  
Groaning in Thunder, weeping Show'rs of Rain;  
Whilst forked Light'ning our Amazements urge,  
And Bolts red hissing come from *Vulcan's* Forge.

Tumultuous Ruin now, and irksome Night  
Invades the Day, the Day so lately bright:  
No gladsome Signs, but here and there a Ray,  
That lost its self in seeking out the Day.  
Here blasted Blooms leave the declining Tree,  
Scarcely the Leaves, nor could the Trunk be free;  
Here lay a Rose, and there a Tulip lay,  
One half in balmy Sweats, the other Clay.

Th'

Th' Almighty now in Peals of Thunder spake,  
 Fear not, my little Flock, nor me forsake;  
 I'll plead my Cause my self against them all,  
 And make 'em know my Church shall never fall;  
 Against these Sots I'll whet my Arrows keen,  
 That thus abuse my Mercy and my Queen.  
 The Wolves retire into their Dens again,  
 And fret, and grin, and howl, and rave in vain.  
 The Sun retrieves his late bewilder'd Rays,  
 And we enjoy our wish'd-for *Halcyon Days*.

*An Epigram on Dan. de F——.*

**T**O speak the Truth, is criminal now,  
 Whilst vilify'd by such as thou;  
 Who hast the Policy of Devil;  
 An Head to work the Nation's Evil;  
 Detacht from Hell, thou did'st commence  
 Thy daring Pride and Impudence,  
 To set up for a *Moderator*,  
 (With thy dear Brother *Observer*;) }  
 And a *Reformer*, to suppress  
 Intemperance, Pride, and Drunkenness,  
 Yet dost encrease, not make 'em less;  
 For who'd reform his Life and Lewdness  
 By thee, the Source of Lies and Rudeness,  
 Without Commission; or if thou  
 Hast any, 't came from Hell below.  
 And sure, if Honour 'tis to be  
 Endow'd with *bellish Policy*, }  
 Thou hast enough, too much we see.  
 Whereby thou do'st the Croud delude,  
 The poor unthinking Multitude;  
 And so the modish Names commence,  
 A Man of Parts, a Man of Sense!



This is the Man (read it who list)  
 As great a Knave as ever p—t;  
 Who yet, to cloak his *Knavery*,  
 (Still Presbyterian Policy)  
 Pretends to be Truth's Advocate,  
 Tho' none has less, than he, of that.  
 And so his Notions fly about,  
 Some entertain, some cast 'em out,  
 As only fit for the Rabble Rout.  
 He thinks he's mighty honest, when  
 He tells the Faults of other Men;  
 And rails against the Government,  
 For Errors in Mismanagement;  
 But 'tis the Effect of Discontent,  
 And knavish Partiality.  
 For those who of his Party be,  
 Are prais'd by him, carest, commended,  
 And in their greatest Faults defended;  
 Whilst honest Men, and Men of Zeal,  
 Who've always wish'd the Nation well,  
 Are said to *car' on very Hell*.  
 His Notions of our Constitution,  
 And the happy Revolution,  
 Are false, absurd; for to impute  
 Resistance (any ways) unto't,  
 Is reflecting on the same,  
 And the late *King's* glorious Name;  
 Who, in his publish'd *Declaration*,  
 Disclaimed the least Imputation  
 Of Resistance; but such Fools,  
 Such self-conceited wretched Tools,  
 The grand Incendaries of the Age,  
 Dare boldly with the Truth engage;  
 Despise Authorities, and charge  
 Their own curs'd Principles, at large  
 On th' *Church of England*, and derive  
 Their Guilt on it; and so contrive,

If possible, its Dissolution,  
 And infringe our Constitution.  
 But may Heav'n check their Impudence,  
 And curb their Pride and Insolence;  
 Make their own Lies and Curses, all,  
 To their Confusion, on 'em fall;  
 And cut off their infestious Race,  
 That so contin'al Scenes of Peace  
 And Unity, may e're abound,  
 And our distressed Land surround.

*The Rary-Show, lately brought from the flaming  
 Isle of Moderation, all alive.*

**G**OOD People all, both Low and High,  
 Unto my Rary-show draw nigh;  
 For 'tis a Sight, nor foul, nor pretty,  
 Nor long, nor short, nor dull, nor witty.  
 It has no Beginning, and has no End;  
 'Tis crooked all over, yet cannot bend;  
 'Tis strait, in a Lump, without Tail or Top;  
 'Tis full of all Points, yet has no Stop;  
 'Tis a mingle Comepur of all together,  
 And fitted for fair, or for foul Weather.

Gallants, walk in, and take your Places,  
 And ye pale Nymphs, with fiery Faces;  
 Within this Booth you have in view,  
 A black white Monster cloath'd in blew.  
 He's neither wild, nor is he tame,  
 From Moderation Isle he came.  
 In foreign Court he hath been shown  
 With great Applause, yet lik'd by none;  
 On Horseback, with his Staff in Hand;  
 He walk'd from Dort to Switzerland;

**E**

**Did**

Did Calvin at *Geneve* profess,  
 And when at *Rome*, did say the Mass.  
 No *Nazarite*, nor *Turk*, nor *Jew*;  
 Of ev'ry fort that comes in view.  
 He holds all Creeds, and none at all;  
 He worships God, and bows to *Baal*.  
 With all, and none, he stuffs his Pack,  
 And carr's and brings the Devil back;  
 And if you'd know his Name, 'tis G—— S——,  
 Of bending Brow, and pinking Eye;  
 He's neither young, nor is he old;  
 He bauls all Day, yet cannot scold;  
 He speaks no Truth, yet tells no Lie,  
 He hath Reserves for Perjury.  
 A Champion for the Church's Cause,  
 Yet ties her Rite to human Laws;  
 Postpones the Princes Birth divine,  
 And equals *Noll's* to *Stewart's* Line.  
 With Courage bold, as I have heard,  
 He lately took *St. P——l* by's Beard;  
 And, whatsoe'er he talk'd before,  
 In Pulpits, or to Courts had swore,  
 (As teaching Subjects to obey)  
 His *Revolution* took away.  
 For in a long compendious Speech,  
 (With which he might have wip'd his Br——th)  
 He Cases and Distinctions found,  
 Which Ages past laid under Ground;  
 That if Q—— A—— rules not well,  
 Then, in such Case, we may rebel.  
 Next on the *Dervises* did fall,  
 And Hip and Thigh he did 'em maul;  
 No *Atheist*, *Jew*, or scoffing *Turk*,  
 But would have scorn'd so vile a Work;  
 Not *Julian*, nor *Calvinian* Foes,  
 Could more the Christian Priests expose.  
 All this he rav'd! and more than this,  
 At which, they say, the Court did hiss:

But



But least you doubt what's said, is true,  
Pray ask himself, he comes in view.

*On Dr. Sacheverell's Eye-water, lately printed.*

**H**ere is to be sold the true Water of Light,  
To open your Eyes, and to quicken your Sight;  
Sacheverell's the Fountain from whence it does flow,  
And discovers to whom our Allegiance we owe.  
If you are not besotted, 'tis plain by his Sermons,  
That you ought to be passive to the Prince of St. Ger-  
(mains;  
Tho' you have been decoy'd by the damn'd Revo-  
(lution,  
To submit to the W—gs, and their old Constitution;  
Yet I hope now the Doctor has shew'd you your Crime,  
That for Hereditary Right you'll appear, while 'tis  
(time,  
To atone for the Sins of your former Resistance,  
Or else you'll be damn'd without Help or Assistance!  
For the great B. B—, If you'll go to his School,  
Has prov'd that a W—n deserves not to rule;  
Away with false Brethren, and false Sisters too,  
To the Devil and his Angels, with the Schismatick  
(Crew,  
To see their Friend William, whose Reward was old  
(Surre,  
Ought to have been Jewitted, but not crown'd with  
(Lawrel.  
Then old Mother Church will again be restor'd,  
And being quite out of Danger, by all be ador'd.

*The Age of Riddles :*

O R,

*A true List of certain extraordinary Positions, formerly call'd Contradictions, but now distinguish'd by no Names at all. Faithfully extracted from several Modern Doctrines and Practices.*

*Qui Color est Albus nunc est Contrarius Albo.*

I. **A**LL Government is overturn'd by Obedience, and establish'd by being resisted. Therefore,

II. The most eminent Instance of Loyalty, is, to condemn Subjection, and he is the greatest Rebel that preaches against Rebellion.

III. Those are a Prince's best Subjects, and most faithful Ministers, who deny his Title to the Crown before his Face, and argue against that Right which they are bound by their Office and their Oaths to defend.

IV. The worst Cause in the World ought to have the worst Managers; and those are fittest to censure other Peoples Speeches, that can't read their own.

V. A C——h must necessarily be in a safe and flourishing Condition, when B——ps explode its Doctrines, and Lawyers are forc'd to defend 'em.

VI. They that know nothing of the Laws of the Land, or act and plead in direct Opposition to 'em, either are already At—— and Sole——rs Gen——l, or ought to be made L——d Ch——f J——ces.

VII. Those are the most proper Persons to accuse others of High Crimes and Misdemeanors, who for their Speeches in that very Accusation, ought themselves to be hang'd for High Treason.

VIII.

VIII. Ignorance, Rudeness, Impudence, Dulness, and Nonsense, are undoubted Proofs of Wit, Learning, and good Manners; and the most virulent Slander, Railing, Rage, Malice, Lying, and Injustice, are the truest Signs of Christian Charity, Temper, and Moderation.

IX. When a Man is condemn'd and punish'd as a Criminal, his Friends ought to testify their Concern by Bonfires and Illuminations.

X. Those are the greatest Enemies to arbitrary Power, who, of all Mankind, best love to exercise it; and they are the most zealous Defenders of the Liberty and Property of their Fellow-Subjects, who are for destroying both, either without Law, or contrary to Law.

XI. 'Tis the Duty of the Sons of Arch-bishops, to impeach the Church; of Bishops, to vote a Clergyman guilty of high Crimes and Misdemeanors, for preaching those Doctrines which Christ and his Apostles, and even they themselves have preach'd; of Scotch Peers, to save a Church of England Divine from Ruin; of Presbyterians, to pull down Meeting-Houses; of Governors, to encourage the Principles of Disobedience; and of the Mob, to rebel in Defence of Loyalty.

*We have got at last, when no Body thought it.*

Certainly never did the moderate Party more strive to abuse and destroy the High-C——h, than they did at the late Tryal of Dr. Sacheverell; and yet, though they spit their Venom, and wrack their very Souls for Inventions and Lies to blacken them, and, as it were, to ruin their Credits and Reputations to all Intents and Purposes, yet, High-C——b has got it at last.

But



But least you may perchance forget what they have said, writ, and done, give me Leave a little to remind you. — And first of all, Mr. d' Foe, the Champion for the Cause and Party, begins very modestly, after his peaceful Temper; *This Week*, says he, *we have the Prelude to the High-Church Affair, and the Essay has been made on the Mob.* — The Doctor, in his passing and repassing, has been buzz'd by the Rabble, which is to be artfully improv'd. Review, Vol. VI. Numb. 141. Now, observe, this was done with Design to make the Doctor look odious in the Sight of the Parliament; and yet, after all, the High-C——b has got it at last.

Secondly, Numb. 562. *This huzzaing has made the Doctor so popular, that the Ladies begin to talk of falling in Love with him.* — That's more, I presume, than the Low-Church will do; and the High-flyers envy him the Glory of his Sufferings: Who envy'd the Sufferings of your Saints in the West? Tell me that if you can. — Nay, they have done all they can to make the House of Commons take Notice of them, yet can't do it for their Lives. Good Reason why, the Doctor was to be made a President, and they were afraid to take too much upon them at a Time, for Fear of the worst. And yet, for all that, the High-C——b has got it at last.

Thirdly, Ibidem. D' Foe says, *If the Lords bring him in guilty, the House of Commons can't tell what Punishment to inflict on him.* — And makes a Scotch Member to find out and push forward the Punishment, which the Party would willingly come at; that is, *Unfrocking him*, as they call it; but in downright-English, is stripping his Gown over his Ears. And yet, after all this mighty Bustle, the High-C——b has got it at last.

Fourthly, Ibidem. Fol. 563. 'Tis farther urg'd, if Non-Resistance be a notorious Cheat, (as the Low-C——b would have it) a State-Error, a Tool of Tyranny, and

a Fraud hatch'd by the Devil, to impose upon and delude Mankind, then the Doctor must be cast and condemn'd; and whether he be unfrock'd or no, that must be left to the Lords Determination. — Which any one may see was the intended Design and Aim of the Party. And yet, for all that, High-C——b has got it at last.

Fifthly, Vol. VI. Fol. 565. Now, do but observe how the Spleen of the Low-C——b Party does begin to rise. — Well, well, (says Mr. Review) Gentlemen, the Physick works, as if High-C——b had taken a fanatical Purge. — Let us know what Name to call it by: Is it Rebellion to defend a Non-Resistance Rabble and Mob, by Way of Passive-Obedience and Resistance? Yet, after a long Catalogue of Low-C——b Invectives against High-Church, she has got it at last.

Ibidem. As for Dr. Sacheverell, honest good Man, he can have no Hand in this Matter, unless God has forsaken him, and his Senses too. — Thus you may see how the Faction animate the Houses, and the Queen and Government too. And yet, for all this, High-C——b has got it at last.

Ibidem. Well, at last he concludes, (when he can't fix it upon any Person) that let who will be in it, who will be for it, or whatever be the Occasion, the Fact is true, and it stands upon Record, that the Rabble being encourag'd for two or three Days together by the Doctor or his Friends, (observe that) they went directly to the Meeting-Houses, and pluck'd them down, and burnt them: Besides, they broke open Mr. Burges's and Mr. Eele's Houses, and took from thence, or destroy'd their Goods and Books, and with much ado was prevented from burning one of their Houses. — Now, pray was not this the ready Way to dewit Men first before a legal Conviction? And upon the whole, where is the Doctor or his Friends found guilty, or so much as question'd about the Fact? And of all this great Rabble, there were but three try'd for it, and yet nothing prov'd that the Doctor or his Friends set them to Work. 'Tis true, there is one acquitted,

acquitted, and one condemn'd, and *Purchase* the *Bail*-  
*ley* is found guilty of the Fact, and the *Low-C—b* are  
 striving all they can to bring him in guilty of high  
 Treason, that was only prov'd to be there after the  
 Pews was set on Fire; but how many were there  
 that were actually taken, that were *Presbyterians*,  
 with the Boards in their Hand, carrying them to  
 the Fire, and in their Way knock'd some down that  
 would not cry out, *High-Church and Sacheverell*? But  
 these, it seems, are to be screen'd, that the Odium  
 thereof mayn't fall upon the *Dissenters* in general.  
 There was a Time that 3000 *l.* a-piece were offer'd  
 to bail them, was refus'd at first, but upon second  
 Consideration, they were admitted, and to what End  
 and Purpose the Parliament will be made sensible of  
 in Time; and certainly then these must needs be  
 guilty of *high Treason*, if any be. But upon the  
 whole, the great Charge upon the *high-flying Party* is  
 vanish'd; and to conclude, *the High-C—b has*  
*got it at last.*

*On the present Debates about Religion.*

**I** Wonder what these nice Distinctions mean,  
'Tween zealous High-Church, and proud Low-  
(Church-men?)

When we shall all at God's just Bar appear,  
Think you, he'll ask us of what Church we are?  
No, no: Let then this foolish Diff'rence rest,  
They're of the truest Church, that live the best.

**F I N I S.**



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COLLECTION  
OF  
POEMS, &c.

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*The Fox Unkennell'd: Or, The Sham-Memorial.*

*By the Author of the Seven Extinguishers.*

**A** Fox of Quality, that long  
Had put upon both Old and Young,  
And in the Lyon's Court had been  
Time out of Mind a Favourite seen;  
As undiscover'd he pursu'd  
The *Private* for the *Publick* Good,  
Was held suspected in his Wiles,  
Wholly t' engross his Sovereign's Smiles;  
And this and that *Beast* often strove  
To worm him from his Monarch's Love.  
But their Attempts could nothing do,  
So much the more esteem'd he grew,  
By how much more they made Effort  
To ruin his Designs at Court;

For he was Master of such Arts  
 As to deceive unguarded Hearts,  
 And manag'd Things with such a Grace,  
 On all Occasions in his Place,  
 That almost ev'ry one, but those  
 Who could not with his Measures close  
 In gulling of the Beastial Nation  
 By way of seeming *Moderation*,  
 Could not but think he made appear  
 He well deserv'd his Master's Ear,  
 In being *Minister Premier*. }

In short, *Vulpone* kept his Post,  
 To his Accusers Grief and Cost;  
 Who, 'stead of bringing it about,  
 To have this *Matchiavilian* out,  
 To their own Disappointment, found  
 Their Expectations run a Ground,  
 By the brave *Panther's* Means, who bore  
 The Reins of Military Power,  
 And was engag'd, as near ally'd,  
 To take this envy'd State-man's Side,  
 While they who his *Dismission* sought,  
 In their own Toils themselves were caught,  
 And out of Offices were turn'd,  
 By him they'd out of Place have spurn'd.

This accidental Change ensur'd  
 The Post his Cunning had procur'd;  
 And thenceforth all around the Throne,  
 Were none but Creatures of his own;  
 Such as the same Opinions held,  
 And ravag'd o'er the Woods and Fields,  
 Without being question'd for their Crimes  
 In those remiss, licentious Times;  
 Where 'twas allow'd and understood,  
 Beasts should be *moderately* good;  
 Should all Things do on all Occasions,  
 To shew their sev'ral *Moderations*,

Whether

Whether the *State* or Kingdom's *Weal*  
 Call'd for their utmost Care and Zeal;  
 Or *Piety*, that lay a bleeding,  
 Urg'd a more vigorous Proceeding;  
 Still they were found, at ev'ry Trial,  
*Moderately just and loyal*;  
 But when the Leaders of their Party  
 Would have 'em be more *warm* and *heart*y  
 To mount up to Preferment's Pitch,  
 And be *immoderately* rich.

Year after Year they kept in play  
 The chiefest Posts at Court, their Prey,  
 As uncontroul'd in Lust of Power,  
 And sanctimoniously sours  
 Against all such as durst dispute  
 The *Justice* of their leading Brute.  
 They voted it a high Offence  
 For any one to speak good Sense,  
 Or bring in Question what was done  
 By these the Guardians of the Throne,  
 While ev'ry *Monkey* and *Baboon*  
 Squeal'd out their Praises out of Tune,  
 And hir'd on purpose to set forth  
 Their Virtues and pretended Worth,  
 Was suffer'd Nobles to abuse,  
 And Beasts of spotless Truth accuse,  
 That would not in their Counsels join,  
 And the *Succession* undermine,  
 Which by a previous Resolve  
 Was on a *Leopard* to devolve,  
 On whom the Scepter was entail'd,  
 In case the *Lyon's* Issue fail'd.

But as the Wiselt sometimes err,  
 And Schemes that hurt themselves prefer,  
 While they take Measures, and devise  
 Ways to defeat their Enemies;  
 So 'twas the *Fox* his luckless Fortune,  
 While he contriv'd behind the Curtain,

And



And underhand was Means a brewing,  
To bring about his En'mies Ruin,  
So to project and cast Affairs,  
As brought about *his* Fall, not theirs.

It happen'd while the *Beasts* were met,  
Yearly about Affairs of State,  
A *Bull* that thought the Throne aggriev'd  
By Principles of late receiv'd,  
And publickly profess'd and taught  
Reasons against those Doctrines brought,  
By which he vigorously maintain'd  
The *Lyon's* Right that o'er them reign'd,  
And made it evidently clear  
He was not an *Elective Heir*,  
But by *Descent* and *Birth* laid Claim  
To *Kingly Government* and Fame,  
As no Pretence for Disobedience  
Could draw his Subjects from Allegiance,  
In whom 'was a supream Offence  
To *question* or *coerce* their Prince.

This Declaration, at a Time  
When such Assertions seem'd a Crime,  
Rouz'd up an *Otter*, in whose Nature  
It was to live on Land and Water,  
And was the *Fox* his Pensioner,  
To make a Noise and mighty Stir,  
That the Delinquent might be brought  
To answer for his heinous Fault.  
'Twas done, for he that bears the P—se  
Must have great Interest of Course;  
And after various *Pro* and *Con*  
To bring the ticklish Matter on,  
The loyal *Bull* was try'd and cast,  
And had upon him Sentence pass'd,  
Spight of his *Friends* that took his Part,  
With all the *Rhetorick* and *Art*  
That could be shewn on any Side,  
Where *Reason* was to be their Guide;

Or where the *Royal Presence* might  
 Have aw'd his Subjects with its Sight,  
 From daring openly to espouse  
 The *Breach* of sacred *Oaths* and *Vows*,  
 Which they had to their Monarch given  
 When he receiv'd his *Crown* from *Heaven*.

At which, the Woods with one Accord,  
 And Fields, implor'd their Soverign Lord  
 To reassume his ancient Rights,  
 Impatient of his Subjects Sights,  
 And banish from his Presence those  
 Durst his Prerogatives oppose;  
 Or would his *Royal Title* cripple  
 By the Advancement of the People,  
 To whom they would his Power transfer,  
 And Rights of making *Peace* and *War*.

When sly *Vulpone* took Alarm  
 At Sight of this approaching Harm,  
 That must *unkennel* him of Course,  
 Should these have the prevailing Force,  
 But how to find out Means and Ways  
 His sinking *State* and *Hopes* to raise,  
 Not one amongst his Creatures cou'd  
 Give Counsel fit to be pursu'd.

At last Lord *Reynard* wagg'd his Tail,  
 As if he had found what could not fail  
 To rivet him within his Place,  
 And make him sure to keep his M——,  
 Which was to counterfeit a Sort  
 Of sham M——— I sent to Court  
 From an adjacent Forreſt, that  
 Had been his King's Confederate,  
 And many Years had firmly stood  
 By's Interest, for the common Good,  
 As both conjoin'd, strove hard and fast  
 To lay their Foes Enclosures waste.

In this, the *Lyn* was advis'd  
 To be of other Means appris'd,

*Than*

Than at that Juncture to agree  
 To change his present M——y,  
 Since it in all Appearance might  
 Their strict Alliance disunite,  
 And make a Twenty Years Agreement  
 To lose its Energy and Cement:  
 Besides, it would at Home create  
 Intestine Troubles in his State.  
 And Boars, and Wolves, and Beasts of Force,  
 That had supply'd him with their Purse,  
 Would all turn Retrogade of Course.  
 Would cease thenceforward to supply  
 His Majesty's Necessity,  
 When Exigencies of the War  
 Should urge Remittances from far.

How! Said a Heiffer that was nigh,  
 And saw the Fraud with half an Eye,  
 Is this the Style of an Ally?  
 No, no, my Leige, survey it round,  
 Their Deference is too profound,  
 Both for your Person and your Sense,  
 To offer at such Insolence,  
 As all good Manners to forsake,  
 And point out Methods you're to take  
 In your Direction of Affairs,  
 That does not interfere with theirs;  
 Down to its End from its Beginning,  
 'Tis every Word the Fox's Penning.

At which the Monarch having weigh'd  
 What could in his Defence be said,  
 And paus'd upon the Allegations  
 Of his Accusers in their Stations,  
 Wisely pronounc'd the Offender's Doom,  
 And bid him go and rule at Home,  
 Since he would from that Moment be  
 From such unfaithful Servants free,  
 That would corrupt his Family:



Nor could be think his Person safe,  
 While in his Hands he kept the Staff,  
 Not but his past Attendance shou'd  
 At this Conjunction do him good,  
 And shew a Master's Gratitude,  
 Since 'twas an Act of Royal Grace,  
 Tamely to let him quit his Place,  
 Without more fatal Consequences  
 Of such unparallell'd Offences,  
 And Instances of Mercy give,  
 By suff'ring so much Guilt to live.

The Voice was out, and mix'd with Air,  
 Shew'd how he could Transgressors spare,  
 That call'd for Punishments severe;  
 And lo! the Beasts before dismiss'd,  
 Their former Offices possess'd,  
 And saw themselves once more restor'd  
 To sit again at C——l Board,  
 To give Advice, and Measures take,  
 Which their Opposers Schemes should break.

When universal Mirth appear'd,  
 And Victory its Aspect rear'd,  
 Trod on the Heels of the Report  
 Of Alterations at the Court,  
 As unexpected and as strange,  
 As was that Blessing of a Change,  
 Which brought glad Moments smiling on,  
 And eccho'd Joy from Sun to Sun;  
 The Prince and People both confess'd  
 To be reciprocally bless'd;  
 The first secur'd of their Esteem,  
 The last of Liberty in him.

*On General Stanhope.*

**W**Here e're you fought, the haughty Foes were  
 (broke;  
 The Priest more haughty, trembl'd when you spoke.  
 Thus *Jove* th' aspiring Giants drove to Hell,  
 By Light'ning some, some stunn'd by Thunder fell,  
 Blest *Spain*! whilst such a Sword protects her Cause;  
 Blest we! whilst such a Tongue maintains our Laws.  
 Had you been Consul when devoted *Rome*,  
 By Eloquence, was snatch'd from threaten'd Doom,  
 Not Statues only had preserv'd your Fame,  
 But Altars would have born your sacred Name.  
 Let lesser Merit thus in Marble live,  
 Your Glories shall the sollid Brass survive;  
 And the extreamest Ages shall be taught,  
 How well for Liberty you spoke and fought.

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*The Tryal and Sentence in Poland.*

By N. F. G.

**H**OW does it consist with the Oath of Allegiance,  
 To punish the Teacher of Passive-Obedience?  
 Why should not the Homilies, teaching the same,  
 Along with the Sermon submit to the Flame?  
 This fiery President makes it possible,  
 The next Burnt-offering may be the B—ble.  
 No Example ever was given by Christ,  
 To burn a Sermon, or silence a Priest.  
 The *Marionite* Prophets, who lately pretended  
 Divine Inspiration, were better befriended.  
 Now Passive-Obedience is left in the Lurch,  
 And saucy Resistance abides in your Church.

For

For Int'rest she preaches Obedience to Day,  
 To Morrow she teacheth us to disobey;  
 To swear and unswear, assert and disown,  
 Address and betray both the C——h and the C——n.  
 For these Contradictions, she has an Evasion,  
 By calling Expulsion, a free Abdication.  
 She murder'd the Father, dishonour'd the Mother,  
 Beheaded the one, and now burnt the other.  
 How comes it to pass that she imitates those  
 Jesuitical Maxims she seems to oppose?  
*Magdalen* was (with the rest of her Sisters)  
 Lately debauch'd by her holy Ministers.  
 Six Prelates for H— C——h, and seven for Low,  
 At Sixes and Sevens Religion doth go.  
 A Clergy divided in Points of Salvation,  
 Disfigure the Church, and distemper the Nation.  
 The Pr——te absenting himself at the Tryal,  
 Resembles the Picture of *Peter's* Denial:  
 But when the Cock crew, then *Peter* repented;  
 Now Presbyter crows, but is not resented.  
 Thus (when the late Martyr had need of their Votes)  
 They sneak'd, or absented, or alter'd their Notes;  
 And tamely permitted that King's Decollation,  
 As now this Combustion and late Tolleration.

*A Letter from Mr. Thomas D'Urfey, to a  
 Friend of his in the State, concerning the late  
 Alterations.*

SIR, you'll excuse me for inditing,  
 There's no great Harm, I think, in writing;  
 Without Offence a Man may scribble,  
 Nor mean much Mischief in a Quibble.  
 The World is in the Rhiming Cue,  
 And Nonsense never yet was new.



Through all my Works you see it shine,  
 But, mark me well, 'tis with Design.  
 To scribble somewhat more than need,  
 To write so long that none will read,  
 And shew how empty 'tis within,  
 I'm a sad Clog, if that's a Sin:  
 If 'tis not deem'd Ambition glorious,  
 For Fools to make themselves notorious,  
 The Lord knows what Excuse to frame,  
 Yet Brother *Tate's* as much to blame.  
 But not to borrow *Blackmore's* Stile,  
 And spin my Story out a Mile,  
 My Text to make no tedious Farce on,  
 Nor turn my self into a Parson,  
 I'll tell you what's the Case, in short,  
 And be so brief, you'll thank me for't.  
 Not having made the Tour of *France*,  
 Or learnt of fam'd *Labeë* to dance,  
 I did presume it might be better  
 To make my Bows by way of Letter, }  
 And pay you my Devoirs in Metre. }  
 Besides, as Times go, I assure you,  
 Tom's ev'ry Inch Poetick Fury;  
 Can cant in Verse, can court, can f—e,  
 And ev'ry thing, alas, but thrive:  
 Discourse of Politicks, like *Dyer*,  
 And be as arch a Wag as *Prior*.  
 In merry Pin and jocund Plight,  
 I hope at last I shall come by't;  
 Some little Place I mean, you'll guess,  
 And in good Troth I mean no less.  
 I now assume a stately Pace,  
 Exert my Cloak with better Grace;  
 Look mighty pert, and mighty big,  
 A certain Sign I'm not a Whig;  
 For they at present, as I trow,  
 Are, what they call themselves, but low;

*Volpon'*

*Volpon'*, it seems, had form'd a Plot;  
 But sure I'm out, if he did not.  
 To tell you in plain Terms my Mind,  
 I little did expect to find  
 Such Christian Graces in 'em shining;  
 Yet now, good Souls, they're all resigning,  
 And will, 'tis hop'd, without Pretences,  
 Be very mod'rate in Expences;  
 Nor prove such Knaves at Diminution,  
 As ere to damn a Revolution:  
 But know at last, that, as the Story's,  
*French Wine and Phillis* are for Tories:  
 Yet patient tho' they prove, and humble,  
 I fear me much their Guts will grumble;  
 That they'll for Credit be to seek,  
 And with the State must go on Tick.  
 But oh! Stocks fall, and Jobbing ceases;  
 They'll lend no Money, as the Case is.  
 How now! dull Sots of *Lombard Causey*,  
 Is it for Cuckolds to be sawcy?  
 These Usurers their worst may do,  
 There's Ways and Means that will accrue,  
 To get their Wives, and Money too. }  
 You know, dear Friend, in worst of Times,  
 We Gentlemen addict to Rhimes,  
 Have Souls inflam'd with noble Fires;  
 Poets of course, must be High-flyers,  
 And are, I own, as the Itch burns,  
 A little too, too fond of Turns.  
 But the main Stress of all this Ditty, }  
 Is but to beg you'd not be witty,  
 I should have said, Sir, not forget me;  
 For if your Mem'ry fails by Fits,  
 (States-men remember much like Wits.)  
 Tho' I express it somewhat odly,  
 I hold it were a Thing ungodly,  
 To squabble thus for State and Church,  
 And leave poor *Mavins* in the Lurch.

*Postscript.*

**T**hey tell me, that *Philip of Spain*  
 Is beaten and routed again ;  
 Why, faith, he has made a noble Campaign. }  
 Now *Lisbon* and *Port* may be sold  
 Much cheaper, 'tis hop'd, than of old ;  
 We may now fill our Coffers once more,  
 And take a Trip to fam'd *Tagus's Shore*.  
 The black *Spanish Dames*, they say, are so civil,  
 'Twill be no hard Matter to cuckold the Devil.

---

*The W—g's Litany.*

**F**rom a *Senate* intent on the Good of the Nation,  
 With Judgments oppos'd to *Infatuation*,  
 From whose Pow'r alone, we can hope for Salvation,  
*Libera nos, &c.*  
 From a *Council* by provident Policy led,  
 To discover our *Cause*, tho' a-sleep, is not dead,  
 But hopes she may fairly be soon brought to Bed,  
*Libera nos, &c.*  
 From a *new Set* of *Courtiers* unlike to the old,  
 Whose Honours will never be brib'd or be sold,  
 For *Prelacy* firm, and *Supremacy* bold,  
*Libera nos, &c.*  
 From the Doctrine of *Passive-Obedience*, which teaches  
*Resistance* our Faith, and Religion impeaches,  
 'Gainst which our *Friends* lately did make such fine  
 (Speeches,  
*Libera nos, &c.*  
 From *Loyal Addresses*, which lash to the Quick,  
 With Doses which makes us confoundedly sick,  
 Whose Authors we heartily wish at old Nick,  
*Libera nos, &c.*  
 From



From those *loyal Notions* have govern'd of late,  
Which threaten us with unavoidable Fate,  
And a *Doctor* whom worse than the Devil we hate,

*Libera nos, &c.*

That our staunch *Good Old Cause* may the *Mitre* throw  
(down,

And the *Presbyter Cloak* triumph o'er the *Gown*,

While that grows the Scorn and Contempt of the

(Town,

*Oramus.*

That this baffl'd Axiom again may awake,

That *Kings* from the *People* Authority take,

And that *Heav'n* has no Right its *Vicegerent* to make,

*Oramus.*

That the World may believe we bid *Rome* bold De-

(fiance,

While her Doctrines and ours holds strictest Alliance,

In raising *Sedition* by mutual Compliance,

*Oramus.*

That when we *communicate* for a good Place,

Submitting to *Lucre*, our Titles to grace,

We the Scandal may baulk by an impudent Face,

*Oramus.*

That if ever our Minds with Remorse are perplext,

We may appear fairly to keep to our Text,

To thrive in this World, tho' we're damn'd in the

(next,

*Oramus.*

Tho' all the same *Tenets* we publicly own,

Which *Charles* (call'd the *Martyr*) depos'd from the

(Throne,

May the Q— be perswaded most *Loyal* we're grown,

*Oramus.*

When e're we've a Cause to prefer with a *Flaw*,

May the *Judges* be all over-rul'd, and the *Law*,

And who can do this, may all Mankind destroy,

*Oramus.*

That

That P——, who Tooth and Nail stuck to it daily,  
In Malice to the *Doctor*, to hang a poor *Baily*,  
May the better Success with such Service regale ye,  
Oramus.

That some of the B——ps, who were our best Friends,  
And left their Church for us at *Sixes* and *Sevens*,  
May continue our Cullies 'till we have our Ends,  
Oramus.

That Sa——y, who, like a fierce Man of *Birch*,  
Lash'd his Flock 'till he lash'd 'em all out of the  
(Church,  
May no more be so wickedly left in the Lurch,  
Oramus.

That he who a Conquest but lately pretended,  
And after the *People's Supream Right* defended,  
May ne'er his patch'd Conscience have thoroughly  
(mended,  
Oramus.

That the *Parson* of *Bow*, with the rest of his Stamp,  
May our *Antimonarchical Tenets* new vamp,  
And follow with *Bible* and *Bullets* our Camp,  
Oramus.

May those noble *Peers*, who for us arose  
'Gainst a *High-flying Tapster*, and cut off his Nose,  
Be *Heroes* dubb'd, tho' but to frighten the *Crows*,  
(Oramus.

That K——t, who (remov'd from an Office of Gains)  
Had a Feather bestow'd on his Cap for his Pains,  
May have something more weighty in's Skull, than  
(his Brains,  
Oramus.

That a *Dutchess* be in the same Grace as before,  
And hold our fast *Friend*, tho' we cannot explore,  
Or ever have heard of one *Good* in her more,  
Oramus.

That

That our Friend *Observer* and *Pill'ry'd Review*,  
 Who strengthen our Side with an infamous Crew,  
 May their Impudence daily (tho' baffl'd) renew,

*Oramus.*

Tho' the Vermin Seditious so long have harangu'd,  
 Their *Exit* draws near, having often been bang'd,  
 That our Cause may continue when they are both  
 (hang'd,

*Oramus.*

That *Burg—s*, who always is acting a Farce,  
 May bear up against the vile Mob, like a *Mars*,  
 Tho' he has no more Sense in his Zeal, than mine A—,

*Oramus.*

That our *secret Vices* may shun open *Views*,  
 With kind holy *Sisters* supplying our Stews,  
 While we drink and we whore in our own Tribes like

(*Jews*,

*Oramus.*

When with *Shew of Conscience* the World we have  
 (cheated,

And bubbld 'em with the same Play, oft repeated,  
 We may openly laugh at the Fools we've defeated,

*Oramus.*

And when the short Scene of this Life shall be past,  
 That we may *cheat the Devil himself* at the last,  
 Tho' we fear his grim Worship has got us too fast,

*Oramus.*

### *The Narrative.*

W<sup>H</sup>EN Sov'reign Commons Princes made  
 To rule by them, not be obey'd;  
 When Churches with, as without Steeple,  
 Preach'd up Resistance in the People;  
 One Priest, by Chance, was incoherent,  
 And taught the Queen was God's Vicegerent.

C

The



The Commons Vote, that Heav'n nor she  
 Should arrogate their Sov'raignty ;  
 Impeach the saucy Insolent,  
 That do'st the odious Doctrine print  
 Of Scandal, Faction, Crimes so high,  
 Some thought they reach'd to Blasphemy,  
 Maliciously t' assert that Power,  
 The Queen's, which they but lent unto her,  
 And could resume when e'er they wou'd,  
 In spite of either her or G—d.  
 The Peers, not her, as by old Laws,  
 Were Judge and Jury of the Cause ;  
 And a huge Scaffold, what the Cost is,  
 The Queen best knows, was Court of Justice ;  
 Perhaps intended, in Conclusion,  
 To serve as once for Execution :  
 Whither poor *Anna* trudg'd from *White-ball*,  
 To hear her Subjects try her Title,  
 Sat weeping on the tott'ring Throne,  
 And made *Sa——*ll's Case her own.  
 The ancient Fathers, great and small,  
 From good St. *Jerome*, up to *Paul*,  
 Did justify the Criminal. }  
 Nay, Christ himself, 'twas made appear,  
 Taught the same Principles, when here.  
 But nothing could acquit the Priest,  
 Nor Father *Paul*, nor *Jesus Christ*,  
 The Doctrine was too plain and true,  
 And inconsistent with their new ;  
 Besides, did Deeds of theirs arraign,  
 Which they would practice o'er again,  
 But in respect to spotless Lawn,  
 They'd not unfrock their Brother Gown,  
 Nor fine, nor pill'ry, nor imprison,  
 The Sermon only smelt of Treason ;  
 Therefore this wise Resolve they took,  
 To spare the Doctor, burn the Book.

Look

Look to the Gospel, *Paul* and *Jesus*,  
*Sacheverell's* Sermons do displease us ;  
 He copy'd you, was your Disciple,  
 Your Turn then's next, they'll burn the *Bible*.

---

*A Copy of Verses spoke by the Bell-Man of St.  
 Margaret's Westminster, last Christmas, un-  
 der the Window of John Dolben, Esq; one of the  
 Managers against Dr. Henry Sacheverell.*

**M**Y Master *Dolben*, he did well  
 For to impeach *Sacheverell* ;  
 For he was an invidious Incendiary,  
 And loved not King *William*, nor Queen *Mary*.  
 So *Pim* did formerly impeach Doctor *Mainwaring*,  
 For he was a Man that was both obstinate and da-  
 (ring,  
 And never would, 'till twas too late, take Warning.  
 Good Morrow, Master *Dolben*, my Masters and Mi-  
 (stresses all, good Morning.

---

*The Duke of Beaufort's new Toast to the Citi-  
 zens of London.*

**T**H E Queen, God preserve, Heav'n's pious Vice-  
 (gerent,  
 With her Right to the Crown, in her Birth is inhe-  
 (rent.  
 The Church in this Kingdom establish'd by Law,  
 That the true Faith may keep all false Worship in  
 (Awe.  
 And may Heav'n pour the choicest of Blessings di-  
 (vine  
 On her Protestant Heirs of the *Hannover* Line.

To a Parliament next, let a Bumper go round,  
 That will act in Concert with these Principles found,  
 To a Ministry that from their Duties won't start,  
 But join in our Wishes with Hand and with Heart.  
 To a happy and lasting Enjoyment of Peace,  
 That our Taxes may fall, and our Trade may in-  
 To this City's particular flourishing State, (crease.  
 That its Actions may rise, and his Factions abate.  
 To the Nation in gen'ral, whose Welfare we prize,  
 And all good Men hold much more dear than their  
 (Eyes.

To its Grandeur let no Men refuse to take this,  
 But each Native, like us Boys, *Huzza*, and cry *Tes*.

---

*Honest Clodd's Advice to his Country-men, how  
 to abuse such Members of Parliament in the  
 next Election, as may preserve their Liber-  
 ties and Estates.*

**T**O open all your Eyes, and let you know,  
 At next Election, what you ought to do,  
 By passive Priest-craft how to bring about,  
 That *Perkin* may turn in, and *ANNE* turn out;  
 And, like *Sacheverell*, to undermine  
 Your native Rights, Laws human and divine;  
 First, like that Hypocrite, you must invent  
 All Spight can do 'gainst this Parliament;  
 Dethrone the *Queen*, applaud the false Pretender,  
 And all the *Bishops* Presbyterians render.  
 If any Man but whisper Moderation,  
 Swear he's the greatest Rebel in the Nation,  
 Lineal Succession to the Skies advance,  
 Thereby maintain his Right that's now in *France*.  
 Prove, if you can, no King can do amiss,  
 Tho' he, not God's, but Hell's Vicegerent is.

Declare



Declare'twas hard that *James* should lose his Crown,  
 Harder, the Daughter should thrust out the Son.  
 Tell the *Queen* plainly, for you mean as much,  
 That now 'tis Time to leave her in the Lurch,  
 And get a Papist to protect the Church. }  
 Church, did I say? No, no, I meant the State;  
 The precious Sons of *Levi* may do that;  
 I mean his flying Sons, they best can guide  
 The Church to *Rome*, and clip the Gentry's Pride:  
 They can inform their King, how he was sent  
 From Heav'n to rule without a Parliament;  
 That Laws and Lawyers are but useless Stuff,  
 His Royal Will and Pleasure is enough  
 To raise a Tax, and let the Commons know  
 If they have Titles to their Lands or no:  
 To make them happy, that they nought may lose,  
 All shall be *Cæsar's*, but their Wooden Shoes.  
 They'll damn whoever durst resist his Will,  
 Except themselves and Don *Sacheverell*;  
 Who still may hector, Scriptures falsify,  
 A Prophet's Servant or his God belie, }  
 And all's but just, so High-Church gain thereby.  
 There's one Thing more than they and you have }  
 Th'exalt the Crozier much above the Crown, (done,  
 You to defend its Rights, and keep your own. }  
 Dear *Clodd*, be wise, preserve thy own Estate  
 'Gainst pious Fraud, and passive Popish Prate.

---

*On burning Dr. Sac——— II's Sermon.*

**N**O! sacred Pages, never more repine,  
 Tho' sacrific'd to Faction and Design;  
 Thy Votaries by this, more strong become,  
 Gath'ring fresh Vigour by thy Martyrdom.  
*Arabian* Spices so dissolv'd by Heat,  
 Scatter around Perfumes divinely sweet.

So

So *Ptolomy's* fam'd Library did shine  
 In unlearn'd Flames, no less compar'd to thine.  
 They perish'd, but thy deathless Work receives  
 Fresh Vigour from the burning of thy Leaves.  
 Spight of their envious Hate, thou shalt be read,  
 Nor die, till Truth and Principle be dead.  
 Thou to thy former Beauty shalt return,  
 Shine like a Cherub, like a Seraph burn.  
 But oh! expect what the three Children bore,  
 A Flame that's seven times hotter than before,  
 And all Fanatick Rage can practise more. }  
 But thou shalt feel no Harm, nor Fear disclose,  
 But like the Furnace, flash upon thy Foes.

---

*Fair Warning.*

**M**Adam, look out, your Title is arraign'd;  
*Sachererell* saps the Ground whereon you stand.  
 'Tis Revolution that upholds your Throne.  
 Let Non-Resistance thrive, and you're undone.  
 If passive Doctrines boldly are reviv'd,  
 Your Crown's precarious, and your Reign short-  
 Such Notions with Impunity profess, (liv'd.  
 Will make the Pow'r of Parliaments a Jest.  
 Their Acts of Settlement are Ropes of Sand,  
 And *Hannover* may rule his native Land.  
 When Pulpits sound no Limitation's good,  
 No Right, but in Proximity of Blood, }  
 Who sees not the Pretender's understood?  
 Impatient for their darling Chevalier,  
 You're in their Mercy for another Year:  
 Tho' Loyalty and Church are their Pretence,  
 Inherent Birth-right is their secret Sense, }  
 And Restoration is the Consequence.

*An Answer to the Fair Warning.*

By N. F. G.

**M**onarchs, beware, your Titles they disown,  
 Who say Obedience undermines the Throne.  
 'Tis Non-Resistance that upholds the Crown;  
 Let bold Resistance thrive, 'twill tumble down.  
 If Whiggish Maxims saucily are taught,  
 Your Crowns are Baubles, and your Titles nought.  
 Such prophane Notions impudently prest,  
 Will make supream Prerogative a Jest.  
 All divine Rights are then like Spiders Nets,  
 And Church Decrees and Homilies are Cheats.  
 When Tub-Dissenters eagerly are bent  
 Against Monarchical-Establishment,  
 Who sees not *Cromwell* is expressly meant?  
 Impatient for their darling Common-wealth,  
 Which they promote by Violence or Stealth,  
 Tho' Laws and Constitution's their Pretence,  
 Inherent Anarchy's their secret Sense,  
 And Decollation is the Consequence.

*The London Address.**Madam,*

**W**E the hundred and fifty Elect of the Gown,  
 By his Lordship conven'd from all Parts  
 (of the Town,  
 Now you've turn'd out your Friends, for which  
 (Heavens bless you!  
 Conceive we may safely mislead and address you.  
 In the first Place, we beg you'd be pleas'd to take  
 (Notice,  
 For 'tis nothing but Truth, *in verbo Sacerdotis*,  
 That



That the Hearts and the Hands of High-Church  
 (Men were never  
 Yet known, in State-Matters, to travel together :  
 This we wisely premise, that from thence you may  
 (guess

What Credit is due to our Loyal Address.

The Tryal was wicked; no Precedent for it ;  
 And as *genuine Sons of the Church*, we abhor it ;  
 Of your Honour, no doubt, 'twas a horrid Invasion,  
 To maintain to your Face, and that of the Nation,  
 That the late Revolution, by which you now reign,  
 Was free from Rebellion's most damnable Stain :  
 Your Majesty's Title we say's by Descent,  
 Tho' we swear 'tis confirm'd by the People's Consent.  
 Thus the Church-Bacon's fav'd, come Whig or come  
 (Tory,

We've a Meaning reserv'd to prove we are for you :  
 We have taken the Oaths, and our Livings secur'd,  
 Yet ne'er heard of his Claim, whose Claim we've ab-  
 (jur'd.

Sometimes in our Works, Right divine's our Ex-  
 (pression,

Sometimes we cry up the establish'd Succession :  
 So catch as catch can, we've engag'd the Caresses  
 Of *St. Germain's* and *Hannover* by our Addressees.

We own 'tis a Sin your just Pow'r to resist,  
 Yet we vow to withstand it, whenever we list ;  
 For if we but fancy that Slavery's coming,  
 My Lord crys, To Horse, and we all fall a drum-  
 (ming.

We thought the *French* King was reduc'd enough  
 (long since,

And to ruin him quite, was too cruel in Conscience ;  
 We therefore all join in this peaceable Pray'r,  
 Oh ! Lord, *scatter those that delight in the War.*

To conclude : Oh ! thou Mother of our Mother-  
 (Church,  
 Good Grand-mother, leave us not now in the Lurch ;  
 You

You see we are here in a Militant State,  
 And our Triumphs, God knows, are promis'd us late.  
 Ah! do but indulge us in the next Convocation,  
 We'll drive your Supremacy out of the Nation,  
 And hoist up our own, 'till the next Restoration.

*The Impeachment.*

**A** *Nightingale*, whose warbling Tongue  
 Had charm'd his Hearers with his Song,  
 As all the Beasts, and all the Birds,  
 Suck'd *Hony* from his melting Words,  
 That Sweet as what from *Hybla* flows,  
 Or the Bee gathers from the *Rose*,  
 Might win upon the nicest Taste,  
 Was cag'd for some Expressions past,  
 That seem'd too zealous and too warm  
 For one that ne'er intended Harm.

This Bird and that, in each one's Station,  
 Harangu'd upon his Accusation;  
 And from the Premises, deduc'd  
 Conclusions that were never us'd,  
 'Till forc'd and far-fetch'd *Inuendo's*,  
 Quite run aground *se Defendendo's*;  
 For which a certain *Eagle* lost,  
 Some Years before, his Regal Post.

But yet, what ever could be said,  
 Or Allegations for him made,  
 He was adjudg'd, some Time to come,  
 To practise Silence, and be dumb;  
 Least he too high should swell a Note,  
 And above *Ela* stretch his Throat.

At this, a *Bull-Finch*, who foresaw  
 What would come of this B—h of Law,  
 And to the most experienc'd Sense  
 Had join'd the Froce of Eloquence,

Cry'd out, ' What Songster now shall dare  
 ' To captivate the list'ning Ear ?  
 ' To drive away the Cares of Life,  
 ' And into Friendship soften Strife,  
 ' If those offend that use such Strains,  
 ' And must be censur'd for their Pains ?

He spoke, and instantly was join'd  
 By Birds of ev'ry sort and Kind ;  
 As from all Parts the feather'd Race  
 Came sorrowing for this Convict's Case,  
 And to the *Eagle's* Throne apply'd  
 For her Compassion on his side,  
 And to change Hands with those, whose Lust  
 Of Power had into Places thrust,  
 The *Bats* and *Owls*, who Birds of Night,  
 Deny'd Hereditary Right.

The Royal *Eagle* in her Breast  
 First weigh'd by whom she was address'd,  
 The Reasons why they made Complaint,  
 And the Injustice of's Restraint ;  
 Then wisely gave Command, that those  
 Who had been his invet'rate Foes,  
 No longer should be seen at Court,  
 Or to her Places resort,  
 But order'd, in their stead, the *Thrush*  
 Should leave his *Bramble* and his *Bush*,  
 And *Larks* and *Linnets*, and the rest  
 That Innocence in *Fields* exprest,  
 From their belov'd Retreat should come,  
 And charm her in her royal Dome.

They blest'd the Voice that spoke, and came  
 All o'er Obedience to the Dame.  
 When all the Birds with one accord  
 Own'd Justice to its Seat restor'd,  
 And Acclamations upwards sent,  
 To give their Satisfaction Vent.  
 As thenceforth *Singing Birds* alone  
 Were suffer'd to come near the Throne,

And



And all the Bats and Owls withdrew  
To lurking Holes, from human View.

*High-Church Loyalty. A Song.*

**Y**E Whigs and Dissenters, what wou'd you have  
(done ?  
Ne'er think of restoring your old Forty-One.

*Then fill up a Bowl, fill it up to the Brim ;*

*Here's a Health to all those who the Church do esteem.*

We know the Pretence you for Liberty Baul,  
But had you your Will, you'd destroy Church and

*Then fill up a Bowl, &c.*

(all.

*Here's a Health, &c.*

Let us join Hand in Hand, and we'll heartily pray,  
That the Church may stand safe for e'er and a Day.

*Then fill up a Bowl, &c.*

*Here's a Health, &c.*

Old England is true to the Queen and the Crown,  
Whilst the Whigs wou'd the Mitre and Surplice pull

*Then fill up a Bowl, &c.*

(down.

*Here's a Health, &c.*

While the Phoenix stands up, and the Bow Bells do  
Here's a Health to Sacev'rell, and God bless the

*Then fill up a Bowl, &c.*

(Queen.

*Here's a Health, &c.*

To the pious good Bishops of London and York,  
And the rest of the Patriarchs that join'd in the

*Then fill up a Bowl, &c.*

(Work.

*Here's a Health, &c.*

To those true High-Church Lords let a Bumper go  
(round,  
Who stood by the Church, and defended the Crown.  
*Then fill up a Bowl, &c.*  
*Here's a Health, &c.*

To Harcourt and Phillips, those learned in Laws,  
Dod, Henchman, and Dee, who defended his Cause.  
*Come fill up a Bowl, &c.*  
*Here's a Health, &c.*

A Health to those Members too can't be deny'd,  
Who Loyally spoke against having him try'd.  
*Then fill up a Bowl, &c.*  
*Here's a Health, &c.*

But let Faction and Shame his Foes all confound,  
Whilst the Church, and Saced'rell, and *ANN* go  
*Fill, fill up a Bowl, &c.* (round.  
*Here's a Health, &c.*

---

*An Answer to High-Church Loyalty. A Song.*

**Y**OU Pinacle Flyers, where would you advance?  
What, would you be bringing of Perkin from  
*Instead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim, (France?*  
*A Halter for those that wou'd bring Perkin in.*

You hot ones, that seem for the Church for to stand,  
But aim to bring Popery into the Land,  
*Instead of a Bowl, &c.*  
*A Halter, &c.*

Nay, whether for Church or Dissenters they seem,  
That are in their Hearts against our gracious Queen.  
*Instead of a Bowl, &c.*  
*A Halter, &c.*

Oh !

Oh ! how you rejoyc'd about too Years ago,  
When you brought the Pretender to Scotland, you  
*Instead of a Bowl, &c.* (know!  
*A Halter, &c.*

But Thanks to our gracious Queen *Anne* of Britain,  
Who sent the Rogues packing to *France* back again.  
*Instead of a Bowl, &c.*  
*A Halter, &c.*

Now *Jacobites, Jacobites*, where is your Hope,  
Of bringing the D—l, the Turk, or the Pope.  
*Instead of a Bowl, &c.*  
*A Halter, &c.*

You, under the Notion of Church, make a Noise,  
While the Pope's in you Belly, you *Jacobite* Boys.  
*Instead of a Bowl, &c.*  
*A Halter, &c.*

Moderation you cannot abide for to hear,  
You'd wickedly bring in *French* Tyranny here.  
*Instead of a Bowl, &c.*  
*A Halter, &c.*

You say we for Liberty, Liberty bawl,  
But you wou'd destroy the Crown, Kingdom, and all.  
*Instead of a Bowl, &c.*  
*A Halter, &c.*

But now your Contrivance is all at a stand,  
Tho' you wou'd have Papists to govern the Land  
*Instead of a Bowl, &c.*  
*A Halter, &c.*

Then farewell High-flyers, your Ways are all seen,  
We are for old *England*, and God bless the Queen.  
*Instead of a Bowl, &c.*  
*A Halter, &c.* Then



Then here is a Health to the Church and the Crown,  
Whilst Pop'ry and Tyranny both tumble down.

*Instead of a Bowl, &c.*

*A Halter, &c.*

*A Reply to the Answer to High-Church Loyalty.*

*A Song.*

**Y**OU Terrestrial Low-Creepers, what do you mean  
By Perkin and Pope, to asperse honest Men?  
*Instead of Bumper, fill up a whole Tun,  
And a Halter for those that the Mischief begun.*

Perfidious Hypocrites, that seem so devout,  
You fain would extinguish Religion quite out.  
*To pious Sachev'rell let Bumpers go round,  
Who dash'd your Endeavours at last on the Ground.*

We have not forgot your Contrivance of late,  
Against both the Crown, and the Church, and the  
*In Rivers of Claret let Loyalty swim. (State.  
But a Halter for those in Religion do trim.*

You are not contented to play your old Game,  
But slyly would fix upon others the Blame.  
*Instead of a Bowl filled up to the Brim,  
In Pipes of Canary let Honesty swim.*

As for the Pretender, you are his true Friends,  
Who breed a Confusion to compass his Ends.  
*Then fill up the Bowl fill it up to the Brim;  
Let Treason sink down, and let Loyalty swim,*

But Phanaticks, Phanaticks, never hope more  
To bring in a Cromwell, as you did before.  
*With Garlands of Honour their Temples be crown'd,  
Who Popish and Whigish Designs do confound.*

Your

Your Bugbear of *Perkin*, the *Turk*, and the *Pope*,  
Will never prevail to extinguish our Hope.  
*The Church of Great Britain shall flourish again,*  
*Not under a Perkin, but Hannover's reign.*

You under the Colour of sanctify'd Zeal,  
Cry up Moderation, your Gaul for to conceal.  
*But wary Sachev'rell discover'd the Cheat,*  
*And open'd the Eyes of the Nation to see't.*

The late Toleration, for which you did bawl,  
Has made you so haughtily, that now you must fall.  
*Then drink a full Brimmer to those honest Men,*  
*That Faction kept out, and are now coming in.*

We see your Intentions begin to appear,  
How by a Protector you'd manage us here.  
*Which waken'd the Nobles, and startl'd the Queen,*  
*Who now are determin'd to alter the Scene.*

Good Night, Gaffer Presbyter, now you are out,  
The Tories are up, and the Wheel goes about.  
*Then fill a great Bowl, fill it up to the Brim,*  
*In Oceans of Sherry let Honesty swim.*

Come drink to the Union, the Church, and the Queen,  
While Pop'ry and Anarchy dies of the Spleen.  
*Then to Great Britain fill up a large Tun,*  
*And a Halter for those the Confusion begun.*

---

*Leviathan ; or, a Hymn to poor Brother Ben.*

To the Tune of the Good Old Cause reviv'd.

**W**H Y now so melancholy, Ben?  
What, stab'd to Death by Blackball's Pen?  
Invoke old *Hobs*, and snarl agen.

What

What, freezing nigh the Artick Pole?  
Rouse, Rouse thy sad dejected Soul,  
Here's *Tom a Bedlam* with a Bowl.

Then awake, and clear the fatal Cup,  
'Twill chear thy drooping Spirits up;  
'Tis Faction's Bowl, leave not a Sup.

Oh! bravely drank; for this I'll raise  
Thy Name aloft in *Milton's* Lays,  
And *Tindal's* Rights shall sound thy Praise.

Why howl the Dogs? From whence this Sound?  
Why dance the Golden Tripods round?  
And what is't moves the solid Ground?

Cho. *Great Ben with sacred Rage is blest,*  
*He foams, he swells, he is comprest,*  
*The God sits heavy on his Breast.*

Hence, hence, ye mitr'd Priests, away,  
All ye who blind Obedience pay  
To Royal Monarchs Princely Sway.

Thou Mobb our Sov'reign Lord, appear,  
With unpolluted Feet draw near,  
And sit in thy imperial Chair.

Thou equal to the Gods above,  
And scarce inferior unto *Jove*;  
Through thee we are, we live, and move.

Thou art the universal Pole;  
Round thee all other Powers rowl,  
And thou do'st actuate the whole.

From thee all Magistracy springs;  
Thou giv'st the sacred Rule to Kings,  
And at thy Nod, they're useless Things.      What,



What, tho' they stile themselves divine,  
And would succeed by Right of Line,  
There is no Law on Earth, but thine.

To whom thou list, thou giv'st the Crown,  
To *Charles* or *Nol*, to Prince or Clown,  
And who sets up, may tumble down.

Thou bid'st them act the People's Good;  
But if they rule not as they shou'd,  
With Glory thou may'st let them Blood.

Like thy bold Sires in Forty-Eight,  
Who neck'd their Prince, a worthy Fate!  
For tyrannizing o'er the State.

That Prince, by Title *Charles* the First,  
Of all the Race of Kings, the worst,  
Nor pious, great, nor good, nor just.

Therefore thy Sires could not him save,  
But sent him headless to the Grave;  
Such Honour all the Saints shall have.

And if, like them, thou wilt fulfil  
Our Sov'reign Lord the People's Will,  
Thou must dethrone or stab the Ill.

Cho. *Then thus great Salters-Hall shall ring;*  
*Thus, thus the Calve's-head Club shall sing,*  
*Leviathan, our God and King.*

*A new Ballad on a late strolling Doctor.*

To the old Tune of, Hey Boys! up go we; or what o-  
ther you please.

1.

**G**ood Folks, I pray, have not you heard  
Of a Criminal of late,  
Who has rode thro' Town and Country too,  
In a most pompous State?  
In a most pompous State indeed,  
With a Train of brainless Fools,  
All manag'd by some K—s above,  
And made their easy Tools.

2.

This was a Man in holy Church,  
Of Republican Renown  
In \* Eighty Eight, who labour'd hard *\* The Re-  
volution.*  
To pull his Sov'reign down;  
To pull his Sov'reign down to Rights,  
And set up glorious Will,  
The bravest Prince that e'er before  
The British Throne did fill.

3.

But this same shuffling Priest has since  
A silly Turn-Coat prov'd;  
And, by his passive Doctrine, has  
The Mob to Rebellion mov'd;  
The Mob to Rebellion mov'd, (ah, R—!)  
Against the Church and Queen,  
And all the Laws impune; sure  
The like was never seen.

4.

This Priest, in all his Strollings, met  
With more than Fidler's Fare;  
For he had Meat, and Drink, and yellow Boys,  
And Women e'en to spare;

And

And Women e'en to spare, forsooth,  
Thanks to their thick-skull'd Fools,  
That were manag'd by some K—s above,  
And made their easy Tools.

5.  
The *Levites*, of this Jollity,  
Resolving to partake,  
Came thick and three-fold into th' Crowd,  
Just as at any Wake;  
All to *buzza*, and shew themselves  
As errand Oaffs and Fools,  
As e'er were rid by crafty K—s,  
That knew who were their Tools.

6.  
And now, to work they went full drive,  
Addressee for to make,  
And slap-dash Lives and Fortunes all,  
*San's* Sense or Reason stake;  
*San's* Sense or Reason stake, such are  
These wretched miscreant Fools,  
Who're manag'd by some K—s above,  
And made their easy Tools.

7.  
But would you gladly know herein  
What was their main Intent?  
Why! 'twas to have the Queen (God bless!)  
Call a new P——t;  
Call a new P——t forthwith,  
To please these *Tory* Fools,  
Who're manag'd, &c.

8.  
And ah! when that is once obtain'd,  
What next will be their Cry?  
A Whirligig, a Turn-about,  
And Change of M——y;  
A Change of M——y, no Doubt,  
Would please these *Bedlam* Fools,  
Who are manag'd, &c.



9.  
But then, to plague the *Whigs*, on whom  
They hope to wreak their Spight,  
The Acts of *Settlement* they damn,  
For *hereditary Right*;  
For *hereditary Right*, in *Hopes*  
To please these High-Church Fools,  
Who're manag'd, &c.

10.  
But how do they confound this Right,  
Both human and divine!  
Her Majesty's, and also that  
O' th' *Hannoverian* Line!  
This only's made a Stale, to draw  
In Country Puts and Fools;  
Who're manag'd, &c.

11.  
But now stand clear, for th' Bellow is,  
Oh! the Danger of the Church,  
Th' *Apostolick* must, by no Means,  
Be left in weful Lurch:  
But *Non-Resistance* stoutly must  
Be held up to old Rules,  
Or else some K—s above would lose  
Their new-bigotted Tools.

12.  
Pray God bless good Queen *Anne*, and keep,  
And mightily defend her  
From all that sooth her to her Face,  
Yet would bring in Pretender;  
Yet would bring the Pretender in,  
To undeceive those Fools,  
Who have been manag'd by some K—s,  
That call'd them their n'own Tools.

*The Character of a modern Addresser.*

**A** *Modern Addresser*, is one that has *Life and Fortune* in one Hand, and *Fears and Jealousies* in the other. He's an Animal of as much *Forecast* as the Horse which he rides upon, and of as distinguishing Abilities as the Groom that leads him; nor is there any other essential Difference between the *Master* and his *Beast*, but what falls to the Advantage of the latter, since those cannot come up to the Dignity of the *Masculine Gender*, but are properly call'd *Mares* that piss backward.

He's one that would have as many Windings and Turnings as a *City-Custard*, were he not always found out before he can make 'em; and can be as attentive in hearing nothing to the Purpose, as he is remarkable for speaking nothing that is worthy any other Man's Notice.

To be commended by him in one place, is to be disown'd by him in another; and he that has him by the Hand, may not improperly be said to have taken a wet *Eel* by the Tail.

*Pro* and *Con* are the two Crutches which he walks by, and if one happens to threaten him with a Fall, t'other is ready to interpose, and hold him up by way of Prevention.

If encouraging Carbuncles may be said to be a Token of Courage, he's more valiant than Prince *Eugene*; and if bidding Defiance to *Gouts*, *Rheumatisms*, and other Diseases, with a Bumper in his Hand, is an Indication of Bravery, the Duke of *Marlborough* must give Place to him.

What Pity 'tis then such a Heroe as this should be coupl'd with a common Executioner, and that he that has commanded so many Faggots and Brushes to be burn'd in the Tavern, should be order'd himself to see 'em burn'd in the Streets?

Should

Should you call him a *Camelion*, you would call him out of his Name, for his Face shews that he cannot live upon Air; but should you say, he's an *Amphibious Creature*, and compare him to an Otter, you would hit his Character, for he makes no Bones of either Fish or Flesh at what Table soever he meets with it.

In Power, he's for *Jure Divino* Principles, and swears by his Maker, That the best Chapter in Sacred Writ, is the 13th Chapter of the *Romans*, which says, *There is no Power but of God*; but out of Place he's the very Reverse of it, and defies the Voice of the People.

He's of an advanc'd Age, yet may be said to have retain'd the Blue of the Plumb in his Frontipiece, since his Looks are consonant to that Colour, only they are not of such a Blue as will never stain.

He's like a new Book with an old Title, at first Sight you'll expect Hypocrisy to be the Contents of it, but survey it well, and you'll find it made up of Impudence.

His Fore-fathers in Forty One are mere Pigmies in Sedition to him; their Pretence was to remove evil Councillors from their Sovereign, but he is never at Rest till he gets into an Employment, to capacitate him to give evil Advice to his.

Ask him his Religion, and his Answer is, It is older than the ten Commandments; but question him about those Commandments, and he cannot make up the Number for the Soul of him, since the fifth must needs slip him, because it enjoins Obedience to Superiors.

He is not for an *Aristocracy*, because he is conscious to himself, if only the *best Men* were to be chosen for our *Rulers*, he should never have a Finger in the Pye; but a *Democracy* suits him to a Hair, because of his *Mob-Principles*.

He's



He's an *Aristotelian*, though he loves the *Mammon* of Unrighteousness too well to be a Philosopher; and his Actions are sufficient Arguments to shew, that the Corruption of one Thing, is the Generation of the other.

He's one that has been deputed by the People to make *new Laws*, and thinks of it no Consequence what becomes of the *old*.

He's an *English* Man with a *Scotch* Heart, an *Irish* Pair of Heels, and a *Swiss* Countenance: His Courage is in chusing the strongest Side, his Constancy in being ever subject to Variation, and his Honesty in in what you think to call it, for I know not where to find it unless it, be in his Gravity.

He's a mere *Reptile*, that should have had the *Serpent* for his *Father*, from his soliciting other People to sin, and *Eve* for his *Mother*, by his Readiness to comply with Temptations himself.

He never looks upon our Majesty's Arms, but *Semper Eadem* gives him the Gripes; for he knows he had not been what he is, had he continu'd what he was.

He should be an *Israelite* by his mutinous Temper, at the same Time as the rest of his Actions speak him to be an Infidel; and the only Way to trace his Descent to the Fountain-Head, is to search for his Forefathers among the Malecontents in the Wilderness, where 'tis ten to one but you find 'em crying Liberty and Property for the Flesh-Pots of *Egypt*.

To conclude, he may be understood, but not thoroughly defin'd; for his ill Practices are without End, and so might his Description: Wherefore I shall take my Leave of him, by saying he's like one of our fashionable Things call'd Beaux, that, as he has no Brains, because they are out of Date, so has he no Honesty: And if my Reader is in Search after one that is neither Fish, Flesh, nor good red Herring,

Herring, that is, neither Christian, Jew, Turk, Infidel, or Heritick, *simply*, but has a Relish of the Leaven of every Perswasion, *complexly*, here he has him at his Service, and much Good may the Bargain do him, for I am glad of this Opportunity to rid my Hand of him.

*A Receipt to make a stiff-rumpt Presbyterian.*

**T**AKE of the Herbs *Hypocrisy* and *Ambition*, of each two Hand-fulls; of the Flower of *Formality*, two Scruples; of the Spirit of *Pride*, two Drains; of the Seeds of *Contention*, *Stubbornness*, and *Contempt*, of each four Drains; of the Root of *Moderation*, as small a Quantity as possible: Chop the Herbs, pound the Seeds, slice the Roots, bruize all together in a Mortar of *Vain-glory*, with a Pestle of *Contradiction*, put them into a Tun of *factions Water*, to be infus'd over a Brimstone Fire of *feign'd Zeal* without *Goodness*, adding thereto two Ounces of the Syrup of *Self-conceit*. When luke-warm, let the Person who is to be made a Presbyterian, take ninety Spoon-fulls every Night and Morning, before and after his *Cant* has left him. When his Mouth is full of this damnable Compound, let him make wry Mouths, whine, and squeeze out some Tears of *Disimulation*. This will make the *Schismatick* maintain the *Alcoran*, confound the Church, delude the People, justify *Dissention*, foment *Revolution*, and call it *Liberty of Conscience*.

**FINIS.**

( 3 )

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A  
COLLECTION  
O F  
POEMS, &c.

---

*A Caution to the Whigs.*

Could you at last a Commonwealth obtain,  
Vain restless Whigs, what could you hope to  
(gain?)

By dear Experience you would quickly see  
Your own Destruction in the Monarchy;  
For should your Crimes and ours so far succeed,  
That Britain under lawless Pow'rs should bleed,  
You'd quickly find (believe it) to your Cost,  
That all your long rebellious Toil was lost;  
Each Faction ev'ry Faction would suspect,  
And ev'ry Sect fall out with every Sect;  
The Gown and Sword would impious Merit boast,  
Who first betray'd their Prince, and who the most;  
Commons with Lords would cursedly contend,  
Who to the Cause had been the greatest Friend;  
Your canting Priests, whom you had mounted high,  
Would preach you damn'd, and your vile Pow'r defy;  
Your meanest Tools, blown up with factious Pride,  
Would on your servile Necks insulting ride;



The Mob, tho' once your Creatures, would grow  
(rude,

And on your vile Prerogative intrude;  
Your Patrons would their wicked Trust betray,  
Or else set up for arbitrary Sway,  
Or leave you to your selves, to be each other's Prey;  
Ruins and Tumults would this Isle engage,  
'Till halting Vengeance overtook the Age,  
And your wild Factions, weary'd into Rest,  
Reclin'd you on your rightful Monarch's Breast.

---

*A Poem to the Earl of Godolphin.*

By Dr. G——h.

**W**Hilst weeping *Europe* bends beneath her Ills,  
And where the Sword destroys not, Famine  
(kills,

Our Isle enjoys, by your successful Care,  
The Pomp of Peace amidst the Woes of War:  
So much the Publick to your Prudence owes,  
You think no Labour long for our Repose;  
Such Conduct, such Integrity is shown,  
There are no Coffers empty, but your own.

From mean Dependance, Merit you retrieve,  
Unask'd, you offer, and unseen you give:  
Your Favour, like the *Nile*, Increase bestows,  
And yet conceals the Source from whence it flows.  
No Pomp, or grand Appearance you approve;  
A People at their Ease is what you love;  
To lessen Taxes, and a Nation save,  
Are all the Grants your Services would have,  
Thus far the State-Machine wants no Repair,  
But moves in matchless Order by your Care;  
Free from Confusion, settl'd and serene;  
And like the Universe, by Springs unseen;

But

But now some Star, sinister to our Pray'rs,  
 Contrives new Schemes, and calls you from Affairs,  
 No Anguish in your Looks, or Cares appear,  
 But how to teach th' unpractis'd Crew to steer.  
 Thus, like a Victim, no Constraint you need,  
 To expiate their Offence by whom you bleed.

Ingratitude's a Weed of ev'ry Clime;  
 It thrives too fast at first, but fades in Time.  
 The God of Day, and your own Lot's the same;  
 The Vapours you have rais'd, obscure your Flame:  
 But tho' you suffer, and a while retreat,  
 Your Globe of Light looks larger as you set.

*On the Oxfordshire Election.*

WE are told by the Town, that a Man of great  
 (Note,  
 For the Sake of Lawn-Sleeves, is turning his Coat;  
 Yet, in his Excuse, my dear Friends, I must grant ye  
 There are twenty good Reasons in a *Sede Vacante*,  
 And *Bristol's* a Mitre may be put to his Mind,  
 Where the *Tub* and *Cathedral* so lately were join'd.

Tho' his old solid Grace was prefer'd cross the  
 (Water,  
 For nicking the Tide, and well trimming the Matter;  
 Yet does it not follow the Church of *St. Martin*  
 Makes her *Rectors* all *Prelates* for being uncertain;  
 But now of late Days, the high Road to Promotion,  
 Is, to pay our *Great Duke*, not the *Church* your Devo-  
 (tion.

Henceforth *Alma Mater* must submit to the City,  
 Let her *Doctors* grow dull, and her *Aldermen* witty;  
 Let the *Scarlet* and *Gown* yield to *Cloak* and *white*  
 (Border,  
 Since your learned *Vice-Chancellor* joins *Non-Con* the  
*Recorder*; With

With *Dissenters* he votes for a low Legislature,  
And your Print of *Geneva* has *Guile's Imprimatur*.

But if his grand Patron, and bounteous Requirer,  
Should forget to reward his good Friend with a  
(Mitre,  
And wipe out old Scores with Words sweeter than  
(Honey,  
As he did the past Service for the Son of a *Volpone*;  
Why then we may say our defeated Projector  
Has paid for the *Lord*, and is still but a Rector.

Give me the poor *Vicar*, in the Country residing,  
That saddles his Nag, and ne'er spares for his riding;  
For the worthy *Church-Member* heads in a strong  
(Party,  
*Religion's* his Guide, and the *Cause* makes him hearty.  
The Great Ones at *Court*, by Terror can't sway him,  
And the Hopes of *Lawn-Sleeves* will never betray  
(him.

Hereafter in Stories it will look very oddly,  
That our *Oxford Vicegerent* should run in with  
(Hoadly;  
The *Whigs* must all think the Church under Hatches,  
When the Court nicks his Conscience, as *Tompion*  
(our Watches.  
Not Weather-Cock *K*—t such Turnings can show,  
To bail *High-Church* one Day, and vote next for  
(the *Low*.

---

On the voting a Reward to be given Ben Hoadly.

**B**EN Hoadly, Julian Johnson, Titus Oates,  
Have had the Commons recommending Votes.  
O! happy Ben, who would not envy thee  
To be a Member of such Company?

Then



Then pray for poor *Sacheverell*, for he,  
 Who could have thought it, hath preferred thee?  
 Ride gravely on, brave *Ben*, for this we say,  
 That ev'ry D—g, like thee, hath had its Day.  
 The Time may come, if *Britain's* Pray'rs are heard,  
 That thou may'st be impeach'd, and he preferr'd.

---

*The Age of Wonders.*

To the Tune of *Chivy Chace.*

**T**HE Year of Wonders is arriv'd,  
 The Devil has learnt to dance;  
 The Church from Danger just retriev'd  
 By Help brought in from *France*.

Nature's run mad, and mad Men rule,  
 The World's turn'd upside down;  
 Tumult puts in to keep the Peace,  
 And Popery the Crown.

In all the Ages of the World,  
 Such Wonders ne'er were seen;  
 Papists cry out for th' *Englisch* C—h,  
 And Rabbles for the —.

The Pulpit thunders Death and War,  
 To heal the bleeding Nation;  
 And sends Dissenters to the Dev'l,  
 To keep the Toleration.

The High-Church Clergy, mounted high,  
 Like Sons of *Jehu* drive,  
 And over true Religion ride,  
 To keep the Church alive.

The

The Furioso's of the Church,  
Come foremost, like the Wind;  
And Moderation, out of Breath,  
Comes trotting on behind.

The Realm from Danger to secure,  
To foreign Aid we cry;  
With Papists and Nonjurors join,  
To keep out Popery.

King *William* on our Knees we curse,  
And damn the Revolution;  
And to preserve the Nation's Peace,  
We study its Confusion.

With treach'rous Heart and double Tongue,  
Both Parties we adhere to;  
Pray for the Side we swear against,  
And curse the Side we swear to.

To Heav'n we for our Sov'reign pray,  
And take the Abjuration;  
But take it *Hocus Pocus* Way,  
With jugling Reservation.

*Sachev'rell* like, with double Face,  
We pray for our Defender;  
To good Queen *Anne* make vile Grimace,  
But drink to the Pretender.

With Presbyterians we unite,  
And Protestant Succession;  
But if the Devil came for both,  
We'd give him free Possession.

Our Scheme of Politicks is wise,  
Good Lord! that you'd but read it;

T pulls

'T pulls *Marlbro'* down to beat the *French*,  
And the Bank to keep our Credit;

Because our Tr——er was just,  
And House of Commons hearty,  
And neither would betray their Trust,  
Or sell us to a Party.

Our Bus'ness is, that neither may  
Their Places long abide in,  
But get some chosen in their Room,  
As no Man can confide in.

Who shall deserve your mighty Praise  
For Fund, and eke for Loan,  
And may the Nation's Credit raise,  
But never can their own?

Because declaring Rights to reign,  
Our Parliaments have part in,  
We'll have the Q—— that Claim disown,  
For one that's more uncertain.

The Restoration to make plain,  
That *Perkin* mayn't miscarry,  
We've wisely wheedl'd up the Q——  
To Right Hereditary.

The Dignity of Parliaments,  
The stronger to imprint in's,  
We hug the Priest who they condemn,  
And ridicule their Sentence.

In order to discourage Mobs,  
And keep the People quiet,  
The Rabblers we condemn for Form,  
But not a Rogue shall die yet.



The Duke of *Marlbro'* to requite  
 For retrieving *English* Honour,  
 His D——s shall have all the Spite  
 That Fools can put upon her.

For Battels fought, and Towns reduc'd,  
 And Popish Armies broken,  
 And that our *English* Gratitude  
 May t' future Times be spoken;

While fighting for the Nation, he  
 Looks Danger in the Face,  
 We strive to insult his Family,  
 And load him with Disgrace.

Because he's crown'd with Victory,  
 And all good People love him,  
 We hate the Man for the Success,  
 And therefore will remove him.

---

*On the Cross upon the Cupula.*

OF all the Idols of Renown,  
 That guide this superstitious Town,  
 There's none, for all it stands so high,  
 Shares less of our Idolatry,  
 Than good St. —— new gilded Cross,  
 On Ecclesiastick Pigeon-House.

The Cross is very fair and good,  
 Tho' not of consecrated Wood;  
 But, like its Pedestal of Sin,  
 'Tis Gold without, and Brass within.

It stands erect in Regions high,  
 Like hieroglyphick Deity;  
 Is fair in Form, all gilt and gay,  
 And they that will adore it, may.

But oh! ye Protestants of Fame,  
 Reform'd in little more than Name;  
 Of all Men living, you should be  
 The last in this Church-Pageantry,  
 That Image-Worship damn'd, and say,  
 To God alone Men ought to pray;  
 Why have ye plac'd the Crosse so high,  
 To recognize Idolatry?

If you would have it understood  
 Our Saviour dy'd on Crosse of Wood,  
 To us as equal it appears,  
 That Men should worship Nails and Spears.

Or if you set it, as 'twas us'd,  
 Howe'er that Use has been abus'd,  
 The Author says, and thinks no Ill,  
 A Gallows would have done as well:  
 They're Engines of the Law alike,  
 With Terror, not with Rev'rence strike;  
 And our Lord's Death, howe'er 'twas priz'd,  
 Has not the Figure canoniz'd.

Some think it stands exalted there,  
 To chace the Princes of the Air;  
 Since 'tis a Rule in Popery,  
 That Devils will from Crosse fly:  
 But some say *Satan's* Region's nigher,  
 And 'twould be better in the Choir,  
 Where Allegorick Dev'ls resort,  
 Of ev'ry Sex, and ev'ry Sort;  
 Where Men by Tune and Measure pray,  
 And banter Heaven Bagpipe Way;  
 Religion set to Tune and Song,  
 From Side to Side they hand along;  
 While Singing-Boy the Close rehearses,  
 And capes Doxologies like Verses.  
 The Actors change their Robes of White,  
 And serve the Theatres at Night;  
 Mock God at proper Time of Day,  
 And then adjourn to th' other Play;

With double, vile, promiscuous Tongue,  
Here Anthems sing, there bawdy Song.

Thus to the Scripture they're uncivil,  
For they can serve both God and Devil;  
And yet those Medleys gratify  
The Drones that dignify'd sit by,  
With Popish Vestments, Hood, and Cope;  
No Wonder we've the Cross at Top.

Was good St. Paul to rise again,  
To hear the Noise, and see the Men,  
He'd take 'em all for *Lystrians* here,  
And think 'em Priests of *Jupiter*;  
He'd rent his Cloak, repeat his Cries, \* *Acts 4. 13,*  
And bid 'em \* *leave their Vanities*; 14, 15.  
He'd teach the Priests, if they could bear it,  
To preach the Cross, but not adore it.

But since the Cross is now erected,  
Let's see by whom it is respected.  
The Papists enter their Protest,  
Say 'tis a dull unmeaning Jest;  
For if you reverence the Cross,  
Say they, you're then come back to us;  
If 'tis to banter and expose,  
You're hamper'd in a double Noose;  
For, as we wish, the Trophy's rais'd,  
Your Jest is lost, and we are pleas'd.

The foreign Protestants speak rough,  
And say you're not reform'd enough;  
That Crosses, Surplices, and Choirs,  
Bows to the Altar, Musick-Prayers,  
And all your Minister Pageantry,  
Are Fragments of Idolatry,  
The foul Remains of modern *Rome*,  
That plainly shows from whence you come,  
With this unlucky Difference,  
That we've the Crime, they the Pretence;  
They have the Idol, we the Paint;  
We have the Shrine, and they the Saint;

That



That 'tis a senseless empty Jest  
 To hug the Form, and damn the Priest;  
 Pull down the Idol Imag'ry,  
 And yet retain th' Idolatry;  
 And that the Men of Robes divine,  
 Set up the Cross but for a Sign,  
 To let th' enquiring People know  
 What Tradesmen open Shops below.

The Song below, and Cross on high,  
 Is all but petty Popery;  
 You reverence, and they adore,  
 And you're but where you were before;  
 In which the Difference is so small,  
 'Tis much you e'er fell out at all.

Some Men of Charity, that use  
 All Sorts of Actions to excuse,  
 Come in with this most wise Pretence,  
 That 'twas not done to give Offence;  
 But that Sir *Kit*, without Design,  
 Merely to make the Fabrick fine,  
 Set up the Cross, like *Gabriel John*,  
 Concern'd alike with Turf or Stone;  
 Tho' 'twas indeed unhappy Luck,  
 To make the Cross a Weather-Cock;  
 For which, according to the Letter,  
 A Wind-mill would have suited better.

Sir *Cb*——er, who ne'er was known  
 To have much Meaning of his own,  
 In great Distress for some Pretence,  
 Join'd heartily in this Defence;  
 By all the Stones and Mortar swore,  
 He'd ne'er set Cross a Tip-toe more;  
 That if the Cross had any Charm in't,  
 He vow'd and swore he meant no Harm in't.

All Men admitted his Excuse,  
 And clear'd him of design'd Abuse;  
 How could they this ill Meaning call  
 In him, who never mean't at all?

*The Dissenters Triumph: Or, the Rebuilding  
and Furnishing Dr. Burgess's Meeting-House.*

*To the Tune of, The Scotch Wedding.*

**D**EAR Sisters, come see you how fine  
The Doctor's new Meeting is grown,  
The delicate Ornaments shine  
Far more bright than ever was known.  
Then let us flock all to the Meeting,  
Where Burgess himself will declare,  
A sanctify'd Tale of old Hughson,  
With a canting old Oliver's Prayer.

You will see it's fairly rebuilt,  
The like it was never before,  
The Saints have contributed guilt,  
'Tis finer than Babel's Whore.  
Then let us, &c.

We have bought a Committee-man's Chair,  
'Twill serve the old Burgess to sit in,  
And if he should befoul it through fear,  
We'll wash it, and that is but fitting.  
Then let us, &c.

An old Pair of Bellows we've bought,  
The Leather was Oliver's Lungs,  
They were from the Rum Parliament brought,  
With a Pair of phanatical Tongs.  
Then let us, &c.

We've bought him a large Pair of Stools,  
One three corner'd, t'other scarce round,  
Between them two, as it is said,  
The Rump had a Fall to the Ground.  
Then let us, &c.

We

We have bought him a delicate Table,  
 The Leaf it is good Heart of Oak,  
 The Legs are of tottering *Babel*,  
 With a Carpit cut out of his Cloak.  
*Then let us, &c.*

A large Broom of old Reformation,  
 To sweep this new Meeting-House Floor,  
 It has dragg'd much Wealth from the Nation,  
 And still it is coveting more.  
*Then let us, &c.*

We have bought him a Lanthorn likewise,  
 Which is to the Meeting-House brought,  
 By which you may find, without Lies,  
 Strange Matters that never was thought.  
*Then let us, &c.*

And there's an old Leather Saddle,  
 Which usualy carry'd the Nation,  
 With an old canting Presbyterian Bridle,  
 And a Budget of Dissimulation.  
*Then let us, &c.*

And there is the Rump's old Britches,  
 Which *Hughson* and *Bradshaw* bespoke,  
 Altho' they be crack'd in the Stitches,  
 They're lin'd with old *Oliver's* Cloak.  
*Then let us, &c.*

A comical Pulpit is made,  
 Old *Burgefs* won't preach in a Tub,  
 With Cant it is well over-laid,  
 And a Desk for his Bottles of Bub.  
*Then let us, &c.*

There's the Pictures of Bodkins and Whistles,  
 Which the Wenches brought in for the Cause,

Next



Next *Hughson* with Pinchers and Bristles,  
And his Acts of undoubted Applause.

*Then let us, &c.*

Our Pews are like Coblers Stalls,  
As plain as the Nose in your Face,  
Excepting a few of old Awls  
Of *Hughson* to give them a Grace.

*Then let us, &c.*

There's a Sconse which is made of new Brasse,  
Where *Burgefs* may see his own Face,  
The which for that Metal might pass,  
Should Rebellion and Mischief take Place:

*Then let us, &c.*

Next Sunday you'll certainly have  
The Doctor there hot and devout ;  
You'll find like a Fury he'll rave,  
And bang the old Cushion about.

*Then let us, &c.*

Sweet Sisters, without all Dispute,  
His Cushion he'll bitterly thump,  
And chuse you a Text that may suit  
With Anarchy and the old Rump.

*Then let us flock all to the Meeting,  
Where Burgefs himself will declare,  
A sanctify'd Tale of old Hughson,  
With a canting old Oliver's Prayer.*

*A humourfom Ditty to Dr. Sacheverell's back  
Friends.*

**A** Bayliff, and a Boat-Man,  
With a Badge upon his Coat, Man,

Which

Which he had row'd with far, Sir,  
As any a jolly Tar, Sir,

That ply'd at *Whiteball-Stairs*,  
Had once a Disputation,  
In settling of the Nation,  
And made a mighty Do, Sir,  
In knowing how was who, Sir,  
And talking of Affairs.

The Bayliff swore sincerely,  
He lov'd the Church most dearly ;  
And t'other did excel, Sir,  
For fam'd *Sacheverell*, Sir,

Which introduc'd the Strife.

At which, the rough Tarpawling  
Huzza'd, and made a Hollowing,  
By crying, you're a Whig, Sir,  
Altho' you talk so big, Sir,

And dare not wage your Life.

When *Done* and *Done* was spoken,  
A sure and certain Token

That they were both agreed, Sir,  
To do some mighty Deed, Sir,

For the good Doctor's Sake;

And forward they proceeded,  
With Mutineers each headed,

Encouraging the Mob, Sir,

To pull down, burn, and rob, Sir,

And Houses open break:

Both hop'd, by this Behaviour,

To gain the Doctor's Favour ;

But they his Words mistook, Sir,

And reckon'd without Book, Sir,

Which laid down other Rules :

For Texts of Non-Resistance

Would give 'em no Assistance,

And both strong Prisons got, Sir,

When taken on the Spot, Sir,

And thither went like *Fools*.

*On our luke-warm Christians.*

**S**T. Paul, Be zealous in good Matters, saith:  
 This shews Low-Church-men have but little Faith;  
 They won't believe, e'en tho' St. Paul has said it;  
 Scripture it self, with them can gain no Credit;  
 Else they'd forsake that vile Fanatick Party,  
 And in the Church's Cause prove true and hearty.

---

*The brave English-man: Or, The Vision.*  
 Aug. 19. 1710. N. S.

*By Mr. Adams:*

**B**Y Ebro's Streams the British General fate,  
 Revolving all th' Affairs of War and State,  
 When lo! a wond'rous Phantom, clad in White,  
 Surpriz'd, but cheer'd him, with its awful Sight.  
 Stanhope, it's I, it's William, *ben't afraid.*  
 Thou'rt Anna's Darling, saith the Royal Shade.  
 Hers and our Country's Wrongs thou must repay  
 To Morrow: O! how they'll envy thee that Day!  
 But Fate hath order'd, that thy gallant Sword  
 Shall rescue Spain; Almanza be the Word.  
 Farewel. A lambent Flame shot thro' the Tent;  
 He smil'd, and look'd him Blessings as he went.  
 Stanhope next Morn (himself the War alone)  
 Push'd the Pretender from the Austrian Throne.  
 The Bourbon Prince, like all his mighty Sires,  
 From Battels lost, in Order good retires.  
 Briton, go on, thy Glories to advance;  
 Spare free-born Souls, send all the Slaves to France.  
 Awake, y' ungrateful World, and all your Voices join,  
 To celebrate th' Ebro, Danube, and th' immortal Boyne  
 Long.



Long may'st thou live, Great Anne, ador'd by all,  
 Triumphant in thy many Wars Abroad;  
 'Till vanquish'd Kings shall at thy Footstool fall,  
 And humbly sue for Peace with one Accord.

*Accrostick.*

**W**HIG's the first Word that swells his odious  
 (Name;  
 Hypocrisy's the second, good Mens Shame;  
 Anarchy is the third, his chiefest Aim;  
 Rebellion is the fourth; and restless Faction;  
 The Life, in the fifth Place, of ev'ry Action;  
 Old Noll's the sixth, by whose Example taught,  
 No Man has more of Mischief lately wrought.

*The Loyalist's Litany: Or, A Touch of the Times.*

**F**ROM all such as rail at our Church's Defender,  
 And oppose her, because of the feminine Gender,  
 Or from such who are for bringing in the Pretender,  
*Libera nos.*

From such who'd rejoyce were the Nation dis-  
 (jointed  
 By Republican Schemes, who hate God's Anointed,  
 And can't endure her whom to rule he's appointed,  
*Libera nos.*

From such as would fain pluck her out of the  
 (Throne,  
 That they may put in Kings and Queens of their  
 (own,  
 Would first take off her Head, and then stamp on  
 her Crown,  
*Libera nos.*

From B——ps who 'gainst Church will vote,  
And with the Times will change their Note,  
Than for Lawn, fitter for a Coat,

*Libera nos.*

From B——ps who can roast a Priest,  
Who out-does them, and stands the Test  
Of what his Conscience tells him's best,

*Libera nos.*

From such who can whine, and cant, and pray,  
Tho' they damn Souls the shortest Way,  
And will the Nation's Rights betray,

*Libera nos.*

From such as from Pulpit will tell you, that Kings  
At best are but gaudy and trifling Things,  
If the Doctrine they preach, any Griss to Mill brings,

*Libera nos.*

From such too who think it to be very hard,  
That they are not to Places of Honour preferr'd,  
By her whom they've jeer'd, and so often have flurr'd,

*Libera nos.*

From French Refugees, who breed Mischief and  
(Strife,  
And would gladly with Pistol, or Poyson, or Knife,  
Take away a fav'rite Privy Counsellor's Life,

*Libera nos.*

From such as invited the Palatines o'er,  
To themselves some Advantage and Gain to secure,  
Tho' they worsted in so doing the English Poor,

*Libera nos.*

From him who to keep up the Port of his Station,  
So he can but enrich, Sir, a fav'rite Relation,  
Don't care a F—t how 'tis he beggars the Nation,

*Libera nos.*

From a cow'rdly M——r, who to save his own  
(Bacon,  
Let's Dr. Sachev'rell into Limbo be taken,  
While he and his Cause are most vilely forsaken,

*Libera nos.*

From

From such as can tell our good Queen, Heav'n's  
 (bless her,  
 If the M——ry's chang'd, her Credit grows lesser,  
 And that they who're displeas'd, will strive to op-  
 (press her,  
*Libera nos.*

---

*In Imitation of a Speech in the ingenious Mr.  
 Trappe's Tragedy, call'd, Abramule: Or,  
 Love and Empire, in Commendation of  
 Pyrrhus.*

**I**S this the Man that's now the Object made  
 Of Whigs detested Scorn and barb'rous Sport?  
 Is he the Victim of their furious Rage,  
 The poor mean Wretch they spit their Venom at?  
 Not so he look'd, when with Applauses crown'd,  
 He bravely stood up for his Master's Cause;  
 Wisely display'd both Eloquence and Truth,  
 And joy'd th' attentive num'rous Hearers Hearts.  
 Not so he look'd, when void of Guilt or Fear,  
 He shook, like Thunder, with tremendous Note  
 The Souls of Trimmers and pretended Saints,  
 And shew'd the *Perils* of false Brotherhood.  
 Not so he look'd, when to the Senate call'd,  
 He unconcern'd beheld their impious Rage;  
 Saw in their Looks the Mischief they design'd  
 'Gainst him, the Prey they greedily devour.

---

*To the Lady that Dr. Sacheverell shall make  
 Choice of for a Wife.*

**F**AIR, lovely, courteous Dame, whoe'er thou art,  
 That to the Doctor shall resign thy Heart,  
 Make



Make much of him, and boast thou'lt got a Prize,  
 Let him be dear unto thee, as thy Eyes;  
 Which, tho' with Beauty's Beams they shine so bright,  
 Come short of his great Soul's seraphick Light,  
 As much as the faint Glimm'rings of the Moon,  
 Do of the sparkling Rays of th' enliv'ning Sun:  
 Love him, as he would have thee to be true;  
 Love him, as thou expect'ft he should be so to you;  
 Love him as long as both your Lives endure;  
 Love him as he has lov'd the Church, you need not  
 (love him more.

---

*The E. of G——n to Dr. G——h, upon the  
 Loss of Miss Dingle: In Return to the Doctor's  
 consolatory Verses to him, upon the Loss of his  
 Rod.*

**T**HOU who the Pangs of my embitter'd Rage  
 Could'ft, with thy never-dying Verse, allwage;  
 Immortal Verse, secure to live as long  
 As that curs'd Prose that did condemn thy Song:  
 Thou, happy Bard, whose double-gifted Pen,  
 Alike can Cure an aking Corn or Spleen;  
 Whose lucky Hand administers Ropose,  
 As well to breaking Heart, as broken Nose;  
 Accept this Tribute: Think it all I had,  
 In Recompence of thine, when I was sad.

What, tho' it comes from an unpractis'd Muse,  
 Bad at the best, grown worse by long Disuse;  
 In Silence lost, since once I did complain  
 Of *Wiv—l's* cold Neglect in humble Strain;  
 When check'd by slavish Conscience, she deny'd  
 To throw aside the Niece, and act the Bride:  
 Yet sure I may be thought among the Throng,  
 If not to sing, to whistle out a Song;

Then

Then take the kind Remembrance of my Verse,  
While *Dingle's* Loss with Sorrow I rehearse.

*Dingle* is lost, the hollow Caves rebound,  
*Dingle* is lost, and multiply the Sound;  
'Till Eccho chaunting it by just Degree,  
Shortens to *Dingle*, then softens it to *D*.

*Dingle* is lost; where's now the Parents Care,  
The boasted Force of Piety and Pray'r?  
No more shall she, within thy spacious Hall  
Lead up the Dance, and animate the Ball:  
Deserted thus, no more shalt thou engage,  
Under thy Roof, to *Whartonize* the Age.

Train'd by thy Care, by thy Example led,  
Early she learn'd to scorn the Nuptial Bed;  
In vain by thy Advice enlarg'd her Mind,  
And vow'd, like thee, to multiply her Kind:  
For *Dingle* thou didst bless the neather Skies;  
In hopes a mingl'd Race might once arise  
To sooth thy hoary Age, and close thy dying  
(Eyes.)

Learn, ye indulging Parents, learn from hence;  
Think not Compliance e'er will influence.  
The *fifth* Command alone you did enjoin,  
And frankly gave her up the other *nine*:  
Yet she, tho' that, and that alone was press'd,  
Regardless of your Will, the *fifth* transgress'd.

But oh! my Friend, consider, tho' she's gone,  
She left no *Coffers empty*, but her own.  
Her Mind, that did direct the great *Machine*,  
Mov'd, like the *Universe*, by *Springs unseen*;  
And tho' from thy Instructions she retreats,  
*Her Globe of Light* grows larger as she sets;  
For nought could brighter make her Lustre shine,  
Than to withdraw, and single it from thine.  
Then think of this, and pardon when you see  
Those Vertues you so late admir'd in me.

*On the Worcestershire Election.*

**Y**OU loyal brave Boys, who for *Pearkes* make a  
 (Noise,  
 Pray lend an Ear to my Ditty;  
 I don't at all doubt, but we'll bring it about,  
 That brave *Ben* is the Man for the City.

Our Cause it is sound; let's all stand our Ground,  
 And fight for the Church and Queen *Anne*;  
 We'll bring in our *Pearkes*, the true Son of the Church,  
 For honest brave *Ben* is the Man.

The round-headed Crew have done all they can do,  
 To ruin the Church and the Crown;  
 But their Works are in vain, for the Queen shall still  
 (reign,  
 And we'll bring the dissenting Knave down.

Those Rogues are such Things, that they murder  
 (their Kings,  
 And would keep our good Queen at a Distance;  
 But we'll have a *Pearkes* will give them such Jirks,  
 As will bring them to Non-Resistance.

O! what a sad Pity this remarkable City  
 Should ever her Grandeur expel,  
 Which still upon Tryal was always found loyal,  
 And never was known to rebel.

The Sectaries all, of Size great and small,  
 In Herds they appear for their *Hoadly*;  
 Then why may not we honest Church-men agree  
 To bait the Berrard of *Bewdley*?

Amongst Whigs and Trimmers, and other fly Sinners,  
 The Son of old Prophet did bluster,

With



With a Head plump and round, and in Learning  
 (profound,  
 Come to aid the Election at *Wor'ster*.

We all know the Noddy, and likewise his Daddy,  
 Are Tokens the Lord did send us,  
 But we all pray with Speed, that from such a Breed,  
 He will in his Mercy defend us.

Here old Cravat appears, like a Cur without Years,  
 To aid and assist in the Cause,  
 Who swears by his Nob, that he knows how to rob  
 Both the Living and Dead by the Laws.

The starch Boucher of Note, with Arms to his Coat,  
 Young *Cromwell* by Name he is known :  
 This Prig, without Reason, was heard to speak  
 (Treason,  
 And deny the Queen's Right to the Crown.

He also maintains, that *Sacheverell's* Brains  
 Has blasted his Master for ever ;  
 For which Reason he his Hang-man would be,  
 He swears by his Ax and his Clever.

The black Stallion comes next, with his Tool and  
 (his Text,  
 The noted Bull of the Town ;  
 For a Slice of old Hat, or a Bit for his Cat,  
 He'll venter both Cassack and Gown.

The runt-riding Priest smells where the Whores piss,  
 And greedily watches their Water,  
 Till Year after Year their Bastards appear ;  
 O! that is the Plague that comes a'ter!

This Dark-Lanthorn went, with arrogant Intent,  
 In Pretence to visit the Sick,

Where a Tankard was lost, and he, to his Cost,  
Was forc'd to acknowledge the Trick.

Now to bring up the Rear, fly *Jo* must appear,  
The Informer so rank and unsav'ry;  
*Titus* the second, a Rogue always reckon'd,  
For Impudence mixt with his Knav'ry.

This (*Oats*) t'other Day, in a Fright run away,  
And compounded to keep out of Limbo;  
Now a Manager assign'd by a Man that's half blind;  
And lords it with Arm on Kimbo.

Let all the World think, whether he doth not stink,  
That starv'd his poor Bastard at Nurse;  
Whether *Hobbins*, or he, deserves best the Tree,  
For he that doth that, will do worse.

So farewell false Crew, that never were true  
To your Country, or your Defender;  
'Tis your rare Gang, that are fit for to hang,  
And fain would bring in the Pretender.

Then may the Rogues sink, whilst honest Men drink  
A Health to our gracious Queen *Anne*;  
May the Whigs be confounded, we'll down with the  
(Round-head,  
For loyal brave *Pearkes* is the Man.

*Minutes of the House.*

**R**esolv'd, That *Henry Sachev'rell*, the High-  
(Church Defender,  
Is guilty of Treason, and loves the Pretender,  
Because to the Queen Non-Resistance he teacheth,  
And the damnable Sin of true Loyalty preacheth.  
Resolv'd,

Resolv'd, That he the said *Henry* would inflame,  
 (half the Nation,  
 Who with so much Zeal does oppose Toleration,  
 Because he won't let them conform, as 'tis fitting,  
 Go to Church when they will, when they will to  
 (the Meeting;  
 With the Church then we'll make them equal Per-  
 (takers,  
 Even Deists and Jews, Presbyterians and Quakers.  
 Order'd, That *John Dolben*, Esq; now *Jack Ketch*  
 (shall be,  
 That Fire and Faggot prepar'd we may see.  
 We'll toast him still hotter, and not to stand idle,  
 We'll first burn the Doctor, and then burn the B—le.

---

*On the Policy of the Times.*

**W**Hen the Laws of Religion, and those of the  
 (Nation,  
 Are different in principal Points of Salvation;  
 When you pray for the Monarch, and vote to resist,  
 And, like loyal Subjects, obey as you list,  
 Then of Revolution beware the Mishap,  
 For *Ben* has the Mitre, and *Harry* the Cap.

---

*To the guilty B——ps.*

**F**OR Shame, ye doating Fools, for Shame be wise;  
 Shake off your Lethargy, and ope your Eyes.  
 What, will you silent sit, and tamely see  
 Hell's Engineers subvert your Prelacy?  
 The Church's Danger though you would not own,  
 Nor fear the second Part of Forty One,



Yet let your own Security prevail,  
 Which loudly calls for timely Aid of all;  
 For the same Power that pulls *Sacbeu'rell* down,  
 Will first your Mitre seize, and then the Crown.  
 But why, alas! why do I speak to you?  
 False to your God, and to your selves untrue.  
 Go bravely, break your Sacerdotal Test,  
 And all turn Chaplains to the Calve's-head Feast.  
 See poor *Sacbeu'rell* sacrific'd thro' Hate,  
 The certain Harbinger of your own Fate;  
 Like *Laud*, the dire Fore-runner he'd become,  
 Had not your Sov'reign stopt th' intended Doom.

---

*The Comparison.*

**A**S when a Fly that goes to Bed,  
 Does set his Arse above his Head;  
 So in these mungrel Days of ours,  
 The Lowest would be the supream Powers.

---

*On the late Martyrs of the Church.*

**I**N one sad Month two blessed Martyrs fell,  
 Pious *Charles*, great *Laud*, who now with An-  
 (gels dwell.  
 Curs'd be the Race that brought them to the Block,  
 And the vile Hands that gave the fatal Stroke.  
 Villains, remember how your factious Race  
 Were truly scourg'd by a true Son of Grace;  
 Heav'n's preserve him here; and when he dies,  
 May a like Phoenix from his Dust arise:  
 May the bold Truths, with which he warm'd St.  
 (Paul's,  
 Live, and be lasting as her sacred Walls.

On

*Moderation Unmask'd.*

**E**'ER *Noll* did 'gainst his pious Prince rebel,  
 And drew his Sword in the Defence of Hell;  
 When Man's chief Aim was to be great and good  
 By *Moderation*, then was understood,  
 In all Conditions still to be content  
 With whatsoever Providence has sent,  
 And not o'er much to grieve, pine, or lament :  
 To use a Medium in our Drink and Meat,  
 Not swill like Swine, nor yet like Gluttons eat :  
 To wear Apparel suiting to their State,  
 In which they're plac'd by the Hand of Fate;  
 Not striving the more wealthy to out-shine,  
 Or, like the Great, splendid to go, and fine ;  
 But to be dress'd as does become their Trade,  
 Cloths not to their Fancy, but their Pockets made.  
 This was the *Moderation* us'd of old,  
 When Vertue more esteemed was than Gold.

But modern Preachers other Things do teach,  
 And a new-fangl'd *Moderation* preach.  
 Tho' you curse, swear, talk lewdly and profane,  
 Drink 'till you're drunk, eat 'till't return again,  
 Still you may be a downright mod'rate Man.  
 By *Moderation* they say's understood  
 To be mod'rately honest, mod'rately good.  
 You should not be so honest and so just,  
 As to be always faithful to your Trust;  
 Nor let your Zeal your *Int'rest* e'er betray,  
 But let your *Profit* still your Conscience sway.  
 Be sure to please the Company you're in;  
 If Rakes, commend each luscious taking Sin:  
 But if to Piety inclin'd they are,  
 Put on a sober and a modest Air:  
 Be *Jew*, be *Turk*, be *Infidel*, or *Papist*,  
 Be witty *Deist*, or a thoughtless *Atheist* ;

Be

Be any Thing, and turn to any Side,  
Move with the Wind, ne'er strive against the Tide.  
Always take Care with Rakes to roar and rant,  
And with grave Puritans to whine and cant.

But if you're with a mixed Company  
To pass your Judgment any Way, deny;  
Yet, if at last they will not be content,  
'Till you on their Discourse give your Judgment,  
Tell one his Opinion's good, t'other argues well;  
Thus praise both, but the Faults of neither tell.

This is the Way to cause all Feuds to cease,  
And through the Nation spread a gen'ral Peace:  
None e'er contradict, tho' they deny  
The Truth, but in ev'ry Thing comply.  
This is the Doctrine that their Doctors teach;  
This the Divinity their Canters preach:  
And could they gain their Ends, we soon should see  
In Church and State nothing but Anarchy.  
Loose would Religion sit, like upper Coat,  
To keep or change, to please a major Vote.  
To Day we should be *Jews*, to Morrow *Atheists*,  
Next Day *Mahometans*, and next Day *Papists*.

Thus we at last should each Opinion try,  
And, like some modern B——s, should deny  
To Day, what Yesterday preach'd stren'ously.

---

*On the Doctor's Impeachment.*

**I**mpeach'd! Why pray, Sirs, what's the Doctor's  
(Crime?  
Because the Truth he spoke, was out of Time?  
If so, you're right indeed, I'm forc'd to own;  
'Twas past the Hour of Twelve before he'd done.  
But that wa'n't it; for some People say,  
You thought it fitter for another Day;

On



On that sad Day on which Great *Charles* did die,  
 That meek good Prince, of pious Memory.  
 Had he done so, you'd then have let it rest,  
 Neither would you him for his Words molest;  
 For most would then have been at Calve's-head  
 (Feast.)

But this is nothing, it was out of Time,  
 Because it stopt the Whigs in their Design;  
 A great Design, designed for our Good,  
 Which meant no Harm, if rightly understood.  
 How could they mean no Harm, who say the Crown  
 Disposed is by their own Pow'r alone?  
 Can they be Ra—ls, who durst boldly say  
 The People's Will the Prince must still obey?  
 And sure no Harm they to the Church would do,  
 For they impeach'd a Son was firm and true.  
 What *Britain* then would strive for to prevent  
 Men whose Minds are on such Actions bent.

*The Time-server.*

WITH a Phiz that is grave, and a sanctify'd  
 (Face,  
 He'll receive the Communion, in Hopes of a Place;  
 He'll swear to the Queen to be trusty and loyal,  
 But will give her the Slip, if it comes to the Tryal:  
 He swears from the Church he never will range;  
 Yet, Weather-Cock like, with the Wind he will  
 (change;

Be Dissenter to Morrow, tho' Church-man to Day,  
 And, as it suits best, unswear and unsay.

But ask him his Reason why his Faith he'll thus  
 (vary,

Or not rather on this Side, or else on that tarry,  
 He'll presently answer he loves *Moderation*,  
 That bless'd noble Vertue so lately in *Fashion*.

What

What, I'll warrant, says he, you're one that will  
 (burn,  
 Or be hang'd for Religion, before you would turn;  
 Like the Martyrs of old, those hot-headed People,  
 Who were constant and true to the Church and  
 (the Steeple,  
 That rather than turn, they'd stand fiery Tryal,  
 And Tortures and Torments would laugh and de-  
 (fy all:  
 But the Learn'd in this Age far wiser are grown,  
 Who, for Int'rest Sake, will any Church own.  
 To Day they'll preach that will pleasure the Time,  
 And to Morrow that Doctrine they'll tell you's a  
 (Crime:  
 Thus Fire, Rope, and Wreck, they prudently shun,  
 And to save their own Bacon, about they will turn.

*The French King's Lamentation for the Mis-  
 carriage of Monsieur Guiscard.*

A S O N G.

W H E N *Lewis* the Great  
 Had heard of the Fate  
 Of *Guiscard*, his booted Apostle;  
 Not *Scarron's* Delight,  
 His *Maintenon* bright,  
 Could allay in his Breast the fierce Bustle.

Sure Monarch, he cry'd,  
 Was never so try'd,  
 And his Schemes so well laid, all defeated!  
 For whatever I do,  
 Still Fortune's my Foe,  
 And like her cast Bully I'm treated.

What

What have I not done  
 (For the Cause as my own)  
 To restore my young Brother Pretender?  
 Spar'd Labour nor Cost,  
 But all have been lost,  
 To impose on their Faith a Defender.

For these nine Years and more,  
 It has been my chief Lore,  
 To preach up their Church's great Danger;  
 Both People and Priest  
 Have been caught with the Jest,  
 And I aim'd by dividing to change her.

My Troops of the Gown  
 With some Hopes have gone on,  
 But alas! all my Strength and my Cunning,  
 Both by Land and by Sea,  
 To my Sorrow must say,  
 Have ended in Beating or Running.

And now, when the last  
 Of my Schemes, and the best,  
 Was ripe, and my Priest on his Mission;  
 To have Plot and Knife broke,  
 At the finishing Stroke,  
 Is the worst that the Devil could wish one.

*Ravillac* the Bold,  
 And *Faques Clement* of old,  
 Each their Catholick Daggers could settle  
 In the Heart of a King;  
 But my Tool must begin  
 Quite wrong, and with heretick Metal.

And now, as 'tis said,  
 He in Pickle is laid,  
 And *Marlbro'* again comes for *Arras*;

E

Should



Should it prove not a Lie,  
 In what a Pickle am I,  
 For he'll stop not a Mile short of *Paris*?

*The Husband-mens bumble Petition to both  
 Houses of Parliament.*

WE that farm your Honours Ground,  
 Tax'd at four Shillings by the Pound;  
 We that must pay the Corial-Tax,  
 For Skins upon our Cattles Backs;  
 For Paper, Pepper, Hops, and Salt,  
 And the curs'd Rates on Beer and Malt:  
 We that by Night for Candles pay,  
 And for our Sun-shine in the Day;  
 We your Petitioners humbly shew,  
 How you may still raise Taxes new.

Tax ev'ry Soul that cheats the Nation,  
 Tho' Lord by Birth, or by Creation.  
 Tax ev'ry cheating Captain, pray,  
 That robs poor Soldiers of their Pay.  
 Tax C——l Ch——s, he may spare  
 At least five hundred Pounds a Year;  
 Which he maintains by Slight of Hand,  
 By Musters false, and false Demand.  
 Tax Vict——ing Com——oners;  
 Peel 'em 'till they're not worth their Ears.  
 Hang all the damn'd contracting Crew,  
 (If guilty) hang up M——bers too.  
 Let D——on, R——ge, and Pl——er swing,  
 R——se, T——rst, B——t, and K——y grin.  
 Truss up the Ha——orn Br——rs all,  
 Those Villains, W——ns and W——all;  
 Or, like *Rome's* Senate, find a Way  
 For those their Country dare betray,  
 To suffer Death more dreadful seen,  
 Than ever any yet has been:

Apply

Apply their Lands, and all Effects,  
 To help discharge the Navy's Debts :  
 Skin 'em alive, and tax their Hides ;  
 Feed Porkets with their brawny Sides ;  
 But first dicoct them for their Tallow,  
 'Twill tax in Candles, tho' but yellow :  
 Let rav'nous Crows pluck out their Eyes,  
 And Dogs their Bones anatomize ;  
 Whilst our august Assembly blest'd  
 With noble Systems prepossess'd,  
 How they may set their Country free  
 From such *Tartarian* Villany ;  
 And how to strengthen, by a Clause,  
 (Where needful) all our ancient Laws ;  
 How t' enact new, and to secure  
 Our gracious Queen, and Country to her ;  
 And to preserve Religion free  
 From Faction, and from Popery.

---

*A new Toast to the Queen and the Earl of Oxford.*

**H**ere's a Health to the Queen, and her faithful  
 (Adviser,  
 Than whom none's more loyal, juster, or wiser.  
 O! may *Anna* and *Oxford* their En'mies defeat ;  
 She always be glorious, he always be great :  
 She the Church's Defender, and he her Support,  
 To keep hypocritical Whigs from the Court.  
 May the Mace and white Staff, and the Title he  
 (bears,  
 Add Strength to his Zeal, and give Courage to hers ;  
 'Till those that disown her for *Britain's* Vicegerent,  
 From a Right that's divine, and in Birth is inherent,  
 Shall by his Means give Place to the Voice of the  
 (People,  
 That will not the Royal Prerogative cripple.

To her 'tis our Lives and our Fortunes are owing;  
 To him that our Credit's reviving and growing;  
 That Funds are establish'd by Parliament Sages,  
 Without any Tax to pay Sea-men their Wages;  
 That fifty new Churches arise from our Coal,  
 And Provision is made for our Body and Soul.  
 As the Queen and the Subject have neither their Peer,  
 She greater than \* Tudor, he greater than † Vere.

---

\* Q. Elizabeth. † The Name of the late E. of Oxford.

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*A Satyr on the Times, address'd to all the Patrons of the Good Old Cause.*

**W**Hat frantick Madneſs has poſſeſs'd Mapkind,  
 And made their Judgment lame, and Rea-  
 (ſon blind?)

Who can be ſilent? What Man can refrain,  
 And ſee ſuch monſtrous Contradiſtions reign?  
 Alas! that B—— ſhould ſo baſely vote  
 Againſt thoſe Doctrines they themſelves have wrote;  
 That they the Church they ſhould defend, deny,  
 And prove themſelves Low-Church-men, tho' ſo  
 (high.

Thus they to Dangers great do her expoſe,  
 By ſiding and contending for her Foes,  
 When they the Church ſhould ſuccour and defend,  
 When dire Convulſions do her Bowels rend.  
 'Twas this *Sachev'rell* prudently deſcry'd,  
 And boldly preach'd up for the Church's Side;  
 For when with Wars Abroad we are moleſted,  
 And with *false Brethren* at Home infeſted,  
 Againſt 'em both our Vigor we ſhould ſhow;  
 Both are to Church and State an equal Foe.  
 While one with hoſtile Arms their Forces join,  
 The other ſecretly do undermine;

And



And Men of Title and Esteem in Court,  
 By wicked Means, the wicked Cause support,  
 Do, tho' they're bound to guard the State and Church,  
 For their own Int'rest leave 'em in the Lurch.  
 To what Extremities the Nation's run?  
 Not much unlike the Days of Forty One;  
 When with Contempt they trampled on the Laws,  
 To farther and advance the Good Old Cause:  
 When they the Church and Monarchy pull'd down,  
 To raise the canting Cloak above the Crown;  
 In the Lord's Name they mighty Wonders did,  
 Which they would act again, but God forbid.  
 Then let us of such Wolves in Time beware,  
 Who in Sheeps Clothing silyly do appear,  
 Whoe'er they be, their Works will plainly show,  
 As by the Fruit it bears, the Tree we know;  
 Yet, Thanks to God, some honest Men remain,  
 Who stedfast their Integrity remain;  
 Some constant to the Church and State are found,  
 While some Rebellion from the Pulpit found.  
 And now the happy Days begin to shine,  
 No Doubt directed by a Hand divine;  
 And now the Church, which militant has been,  
 We hope will triumph with our gracious Queen.

---

*The Nightingale's Speech.*

ONCE on a Time, when Birds could speak, and  
 had their Methods of Government like rational  
 Creatures, an *Eagle* issu'd out her Orders (for  
 they had no such Thing as the Salick Law among  
 them) for every Species of the feather'd Race to  
 chuse themselves new Representatives, (for the Ma-  
 jority of the old ones had disoblig'd) and give  
 their Attendance at a Convention of the States. Ac-  
 cordingly they all met together, pursuant to her  
 Will

Will and Pleasure; and as it was customary with them, as it is now with us, to chuse a Speaker, they immediately proceeded to an Election, and with wonderful Unanimity and Dispatch, made Choice of the *Nightingale* for that important Office, after the *Linnet* had recommended him to the Chair in a very pathetick and eloquent Harrangue, which set forth his extraordinary Qualifications, and his unweary'd Diligence in the Service of his Queen and fellow Subjects. Upon which, the *Nightingale*, after having excus'd himself to the Throne on Account of Deficiencies he was never guilty of, made the following Oration:

*Gentlemen,*

**T**O discharge the Trust you have repos'd in me, with a Fidelity equal to the Confidence you have of my Services, I take the Liberty to propose these Particulars to your Consideration: 1. The Security of the National Worship that is establish'd by Law. 2. The Honour of our Sovereign. 3. The Interest and Advantage of the Kingdom. I presume you'll agree with me, that our establish'd Religion cannot be without Enemies, while there are so many Sects and Opinions indulg'd among us; and where there are such, then is the greatest Necessity of a timely Provision against them. Now, that former Laws are defective in this Point, by the Means of which, *Bats* and *Owls*, and other obscene Birds of Night, by an occasional Compliance for a Season, get into the chiefeſt Poſts of Honour and Dignity, we have been ſenſible ſome Years ſince; and to redreſs ſuch *hypocritical Eviſions*, have for three Years ſucceſſively endeavour'd at a Law, without Effect; the great Birds, who are our Superiors, the *Hawks*, *Vultures*, *Kites*, &c. having not thought fit to comply with our Intentions. But ſince Providence has now put it in our Hands to bring

bring about these desirable Purposes, in my Opinion, the first Thing we are to go upon, after the necessary Preparation for maintaining the War we are enter'd into against the Beast, is a Bill to prevent this *Occasional Conformity*, if we would not be wanting to our selves and our Posterity.

The Honour of our Sovereign, is the next Thing we are to consider of; and that cannot be better advanc'd and supported, than by a strict Enquiry after such Animadversions upon Persons who have any Way lessen'd and impair'd it, by pretending to dictate to the supream Authority, and elbow themselves, unsent for, into the Presence of their Queen in her Closet-Retirements. Another Way of maintaining her Honour, is, making Use of that Quickness and Dispatch in our Deliberations, that we may enable her to bring her and our Enemies to Reason; and by that Means have the Glory of giving Peace to the Birds and Beasts who have so long stood in need of it.

The last Particular, is, the Interest and Advantage of the Kingdom; which cannot be better and more effectually brought to pass, than by stating and examining the publick Accounts, by which Means we shall attain to the Knowledge of the Debts of the Nation, and be appriz'd of such Whore's Birds who any Ways misapply'd its Treasure, whom we are bound in Duty to prosecute with the utmost Severity. For 'tis but Justice to the winged People, whom we represent, to make them Eye-Witnesses of their Punishment, for converting what was given for the Publick Service, for their private, that they may be the readier to give again what is wanting for carrying on the War this ensuing Year. And now is the only Time to go thro' with what is propos'd to you, since our Sovereign is now releas'd from her evil Counsellors, and her People has been thereby brought to make Choice of such Patriots



Patriots to represent them, as may never again sit in this Assembly, should our Enemies again get Ground of us.

I remember a *Swallow* of my Acquaintance, and you all know that Bird is remarkable for Foresight and Prudence, saw a Fellow once a sowing Hemp-Seed, and bid several other Birds that were in her Company; observe what that Country-man was a doing; *for 'tis from this very Seed, said he, that Hemp and Flax are produc'd, which the Fowler makes his Nets of; wherefore all be upon your Guard, and, by Way of Prevention, pick it up without Hesitation, before it takes Root.* But none of them would take his Council at that Time, or lend an Ear for the Sake of their common Safety. In short, the Business was delay'd, from Time to Time, 'till this Seed took Root, and then again 'till it had shot it self up to the Blade, and was almost ripe. At Sight of this, the *Swallow* once for all told them, 'twas not too late to prevent what would, unavoidably happen, would they bestir themselves hastily, and go to work upon it in Earnest; but to as little Purpose as before, not a Whore's Bird of them, but gave him a Hearing, and that was all. When the *Swallow* thought it high Time to take Leave of his old obstinate Companions, and retir'd from Woods and Fields, into Cities and Towns. Now, this Hemp and Flax was, in Process of Time, work'd up into Nets, and the *Swallow* had the Fortune to see most of them brought Prisoners into the Town where he liv'd; when the foolish Birds, grown wiser by their Misfortunes, were frighted into a Sense of those wholesome Precautions they ought to have taken; but it was too late, since they could not be brought to these Reflexions, 'till all Hopes of Liberty were lost. It is too plain a Story now to need an Application; but, God be thank'd, the Fright's over.

F I N I S.

## An EPIGRAM.

**A** Jew and a G—n—I join'd both in a Trade,  
 The Jew was a Baker, the G—n—I sold Bread;  
 The Jew had before sold *Snuff* on the *Must*,  
 But now with the G—n—I sells musty brown Crust,  
 And circuncis'd Loaves, that hungry starv'd Wretches,  
 Who can break thro' Stone Walls, might be useful at  
 Breaches.

We read how *Drawcanfir*, having kill'd all his Foes,  
 Falls foul on his Friends, and kills all that he knows;  
 He was Prince of the *Mohocks*, who scouring the Street,  
 With their known *Moderation* wound all that they  
 meet.

Impartial and fierce, thus *our Hero* kills dead  
 His Foes with his Arms, his Friends with his Bread.  
 'Tis Time to make Peace, Oh *Insatiable* Getter!  
 For who'd fight for Bread, when their Bread is no better.

*The Thanksgiving.*

**I**N Sounds of Joy your tuneful Voices raise,  
 And teach the People whom to thank and praise.  
 Thank prudent *Anna's* providential Reign  
 For Peace, and Plenty both of Coin and Grain:  
 Thank the S—b Peers for your unbought Union:  
 Thank B——ps for Occasional Communion:  
 Thank the Stock-Jobbers for your thriving Trade:  
 Thank just G——in that all Debts are paid:  
 Thank M——'s Zeal that scorn'd the proffer'd Treaty;  
 But thank *Eugene* the *French-men* did not beat ye:  
 Thank your own selves, if you are tax'd and sham'd;  
 But thank th' Almighty, if you are not d—n'd.

*The Transubstantiation.*

*Avaro.*  
**M**onstrous *Avaro* urges, How can this be?  
 A Priest turn Bread into a Deity!

*Priest.*  
 But pray, *Avaro*, why should that seem odd?  
 You turn Bread into Gold, and that's your God.

*The Grand Tack.*

**T**HE Globe of Earth, on which we dwell,  
 Is tack'd unto the Poles;  
 The little World of Carcasses  
 Is tack'd unto their Souls.  
 The Parson's chiefeft Business, is,  
 To tack the Soul to Heaven:  
 The Doctor's, is, to keep the Tack  
 Of Soul and Body even:  
 The Priest, besides the Office, tacks,  
 The Husband to the Wife;  
 And that's a Tack, God help them both,  
 Will hold them during Life.  
 The Queen, the Lords, and Commons, are  
 In Senate tack'd together;  
 And if, by any Means, untack'd,  
 No Good can come to either.  
 The Crown is tack'd unto the Church,  
 The Church unto the Crown;  
 The Whigs are slightly tack'd to both,  
 And fain would pull both down.  
 Since all the World's a gen'ral Tack  
 Of one Thing to another,  
 Then why about one honest Tack  
 Do Fools make such a Pother?

*Acrostick.*

**W** Higs the first Letter of his Name;  
 Hypocrisy's the second of the same;  
 Anarchy his Darling and his Aim;  
 Rebellion, Discord, Mutiny, and Faction;  
 Tom, Captain of the Mob, in Soul and Action,  
 O'ergrown in Sin, cornuted, old, in Debt,  
 Nol's Soul and Ireton's live within him yet.



*On the German Princess.*

**A** *German* Princess once adorn'd this Isle,  
 Another *German* Princess built this Pile;  
 Equal in Birth, tho' not the same in State,  
 May this hereafter share the other's Fate.

---

*On a Bower.*

**I**N Days of old liv'd in this Bower one Whore,  
 And now your Grace, besides her Grace, keeps four.

---

*On the 30th of January.*

**Y**E Hypocrites, leave off your Pranks,  
 To murder Kings, and then give Thanks;  
 Be gone, and trouble God no farther,  
 For God accepts no Thanks for Murder.

---

*Poor England bobb'd at Home and Abroad. By  
 N. F. G. Gent.*

**T**O get a good Peace and a flourishing Trade,  
 And settle the State of the Nation:  
 To heal the deep Wounds the late *Junto* has made,  
 By an excellent *Tory*-Purgation.  
 To rescue *Great Britain's* Religion and Laws,  
 The Q—— and the whole Constitution,  
 From *Tygers* and *Vultures* unmerciful Claws,  
 Who sought their entire Dissolution.  
 To settle the Church in her Primitive State,  
 And weaken her false Underminers,  
 Who at the late Tryal did boldly debate  
 The Right of her *Jure Diviners*.

To

To save us from Vermin, that live by the War,  
 Who lately a Peace have rejected;  
 That plunder'd and cheated us every Year,  
 As Solomon now has detected  
 To baffle our Enemies every where,  
 Preventing the Schemes they intended  
 Against the Prerogative, by the Barrier,  
 Tho' for the Succession pretended.  
 These are the Grievances *Britain* doth find,  
 Since *ROBIN* has manag'd her Treasure;  
 To whom it is certain he's very unkind,  
 For seeking her Ease and her Pleasure.  
 Another great *ROBIN* at *Utrecht*, we hear,  
 Endeavours to settle the Matter,  
 By making our Enemies soon to repair  
 Our Losses by Land and by Water.  
 As *ROBIN* has bobb'd us at Home, as you see,  
 So *ROBINSON* does at the Treaty;  
 Thus *ROBIN* and *ROBINSON* both do agree,  
 Of War and long Taxes to cheat ye.  
 Now these are the Hardships of which they complain,  
 That love heavy Burthens to carry:  
 To make 'em consider, is Labour in vain,  
 Till under the Weight they miscarry.  
 The Parliament having examin'd the Case,  
 Declare, in their Representation,  
 By whom we are bubb'd in every Place,  
 And how we may have Reparation.  
 By *ROBIN* of *Oxford* and this *ROBINSON*,  
 The *Britannick* Peace is approv'd:  
 By Peace and by Plenty, poor *England's* undone,  
 If War from her Door is remov'd.  
 And for to prevent it, the *Mobacks* declare,  
 By what they are now a committing,  
 That they are set on by a *German* *Guiscard*,  
 In Hopes to procure a *Dewitting*.

